WITH PRESENTATION PLATE: "HIS MAJESTY."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

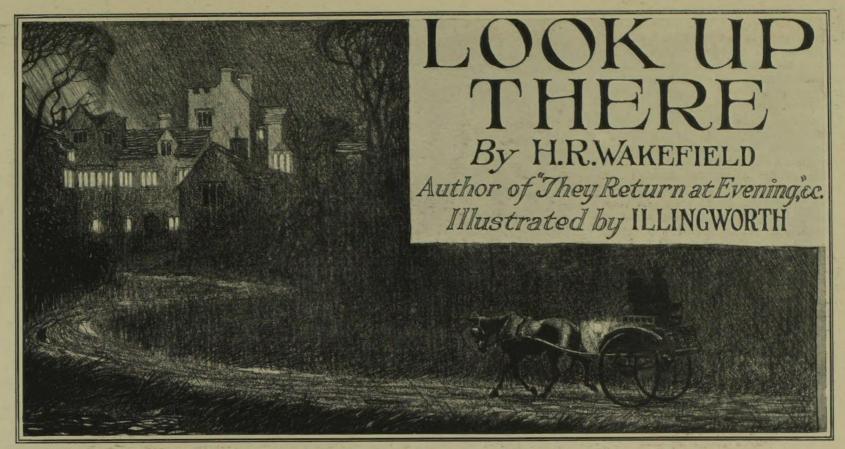












It was a foul night, blowing very hard, and sleeting, and every yard we travelled made me wish the more I hadn't come.



HY did he always stare up? And why did he so worry Mr. Packard by doing it? The latter had come to Brioni to read and to rest, and to take the bare minimum of notice of his fellow men. Doctor's orders! And here he was preoccupied, almost obsessed, by the garish idiosyncrasy of this tiny, hen-eyed fellow.

He was not a taking specimen of humanity, for his forehead was high and receding, his nose beaked fantastically and the skin stretched so tightly across it that it seemed as if it might be ripped apart at any moment. Then, he had a long, thin-lipped mouth always slightly open, and a pointed beard which, like his hair, was fussy and unkempt. He was for ever in the company of a stalwart yokel—a south-country enlisted Guardsman to the life; a slow-moving, massive, red-faced plebeian who seemed a master of the desirable art of aphasia, for no word ever seemed to pass his lips. But, good heavens! how he

ploughed and furrowed the menu! Mr. Packard was a very important Civil Servant, and, contrary to the opinion of the vulgar, Civil Servants sometimes overwork. The notion that they arrive at their offices just in time for lunch, and return again to them just in time to sign a few letters and catch a train home, is a fantasy derived from newspapers and therefore from newspaper pro-prietors—idle fellows as a rule, for all they have to do is to propagate ideas and employ other people to carry them out. Anyone can have ideas; it is the carrying them out which means work. Mr. Packard had ideas, usually very judicious and admirable ideas, and he also had to carry them out, which meant work-eventually overwork, a threatened nervous breakdown, peremptory advice from a specialist, and three months' leave. He had been recommended Brioni in June because it was between seasons for that green and placid isle, and there was plenty of sun; gentle breezes blown over a purple sea, very purple, very warm, very salt; a golf course, with seven short holes and a reasonable tariff. Perched primly in the Adriatic, it offered every possible

advantage, every chance of speedy convalescence to an overworked bachelor fifty-two years of age, with nothing whatsoever organically wrong with him. So Mr. Packard had found it till his eye had been caught by this curious couple: one who never spoke, but stolidly filled his belly, the other who was no more communicative, and for ever stared upwards at an angle of thirty-five degrees, for such Mr. Packard, after an exasperating calculation, estimated it to be. On the first occasion he had noticed him, Mr. Packard had instinctively stared up also, wondering what object of interest was to be found on the bare, brimstone-tinted wall of the dining-room at an angle of thirty-five degrees about. But there was nothing. Yet this midget had continued to gaze up, even while eating his fish and emptying his glass. And his companion, that burly proletarian, appeared entirely unconcerned. Again Mr. Packard's eyes tilted in sympathy, only to encounter a bare brimstone wall. It then occurred to him that this angular obsession must be of long standing, for its victim most expertly neutralised what must have been a heavy

handicap to accurate feeding by an impressive dexterity in the manipulation of knives and forks and spoons, though his appetite seemed as slender as his physical frame.

So stern and uncompromising had been the specialist's fiat, that Mr. Packard had been genuinely alarmed about his nerves; so much so that he almost entertained the possibility that this upward-peering absurdity was a figment of his disordered imagination — a very unlovely thought—but he had dismissed it with a very comforting reassurance when he saw that others among the sparse company then visiting Brioni were also puzzled by this singular prepossession of the hen-eyed fellow.

What an incongruous couple they were! And why didn't the lusty rustic turn his eyes up too—or do something about it? Well, let him take a leaf out of his book, and pay no regard to what was none of his business, and certainly no part of his cure.

If the fellow wanted to stare up, let him. So, by making a considerable effort, Mr. Packard All the same, he was charged with a tantalising and hard-to-exorcise curiosity about this couple, their circumstances, the connection between them-all this-but, above all, why the devil the tiny one stared up. Knowing such wonderings could only delay the healing of the lesion in his nervous system, he made quite elaborate plans for avoiding the pair. He changed the times of his meals, and if he saw them in a room he went to another, and if he observed them coming towards him he turned on his heel. By these means he freed his mind of them to some extent, but a sneaking, insidious inquisitiveness endured. However, the sun and air and peace of Brioni rapidly restored him, and once again he slept an unbroken eight hours; he found himself with such an appetite as he had not known for twenty years, and the idea that there was someone standing just behind him all the time—a very irritating symptom, this - most absolutely and blessedly ceased.

stared up also.

So, reassuringly soon, his inner eye began to turn longingly to a snug though austere office in Whitehall, with neatly raised pyramids of "jackets" and official documents of undeniable secrecy and import. And to that leisurely stroll up to the club at one o'clock so punctually, and that carefully chosen little lunch, and perhaps a game of chess with Lenton, some gossip, and a leisurely stroll back to the Home Office, where there would be decisions to make, questions in the House to consider, a feeling of slight, but pleasing, importance, and all that regulated system and ordered régime which suited him temperamentally so perfectly.

A holiday in August seemed a justifiable weakness to him, but to idle about in dreamy, flushing, dark-green islands in June was abnormal—a process which should not be prolonged for an unnecessary second. He would stick it out for a week or two longer, and count the days till the hour of his release should strike—release from indolence, strolling about, and from an inclination to uneasy, vague surmisings, concerning an ill-assorted couple, one of whom for ever raised his eyes in a sort of viewless intensity, and the other who never spoke but was for ever at his side.

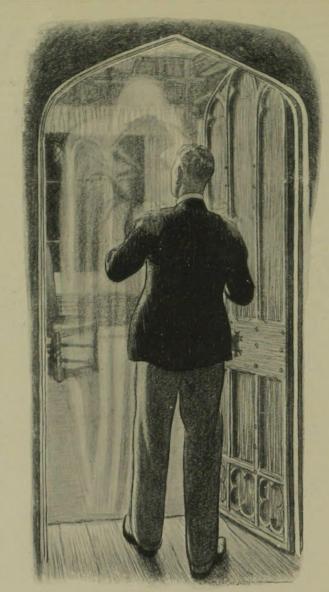


On the first occasion he had noticed him, Mr. Packard had instinctively stared up also.

On the evening before his departure, about six o'clock, Mr. Packard strolled along the path through the holm oaks towards the bathing place and sat down on a seat over-looking the shadowed and darkening straits of the Istrian shore. Shadowed and darkening because a slowly marshalling army of clouds was rising above the Dolomites and frowning down over Trieste. The sun, resisting and not yet overpowered, hurled red and gold shafts up through the advancing host. The spectacle had a certain sombre sublimity and its leisurely shifting pattern pleasantly absorbed Mr. Packard's attention, so much so that when a rather high-pitched and deliberate voice remarked "Some persons have found in such spectacles evidence of the existence of a God," he started abruptly and half rose from his seat. He must have been halfasleep, for he found sitting on the same seat beside him that enigmatic pair, the little one next to him and the yokel-on his other side - smoking a pipe and staring out to sea. Mr. Packard was irritated and taken by surprise, but his natural good manners and subconscious curiosity prevented him from uttering the tart and "snubby" retort which half rose to his lips. Instead, he said dryly, "The particular deity concerned is most certainly Jupiter Pluvius. I imagine that Trieste will get the full benefit of that storm soon

and it will be our turn in an hour or so."
"From your tone," suggested the little man, "I judge you are of a sceptical turn of mind."

(" And what the devil has it got to do with you if I am?") thought Mr. Packard. "If you mean," he said, "that I do not see why all that is beautiful should be put to the credit of what you call 'God,' that is so. For in whom do you lodge the responsibility for the somewhat less palatable spectacles provided by bull-fights and battlefields? Unless you are a dualist."



I had my old room in the east wing, but, when I went up to dress, it was as though an almost materialised force was disputing my entry.

"Very possibly I am," said the little man, staring up at the fading sun now drowning in a majestically pacing cloud

ocean.
"Well," said Mr. Packard, "it will be the Devil's turn soon enough. Storms in

this region are no joke."
"I think I have reason to believe in the Devil," continued the little man, taking off his rusty panama and placing it on the ground beside him. As he said this the yokel looked at him sharply, then knocked out his pipe on his boot and began filling it again from an aluminium

box.
"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. Packard, his curiosity rising. "I have myself deduced

him logically, but I take it you have had a closer view of him."

"Yes," answered the little man, his eyes on the rim of the advancing storm, "I think I can say that. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Packard.

"I'm glad of that, because it is a relief to me to tell it now and again. Does Gauntry Hall convey anything to you?"

"Gauntry Hall," repeated Mr. Packard "The name seems vaguely uncertainly. familiar."

"It was a famous show place burnt down in 1904. I was there that night."

"Oh, I remember now," said Mr. Packard.
"Middle Tudor, near Leicester, famous chiefly for its Long Gallery; and wasn't there some legend about it?"

"Yes," replied the little man; "and the fact that you can recall so much is a great tribute to your memory."

"Oh, I was rather keen on that period once upon a time when I was less busy."

"I went up to Oxford the same term as Jack Gauntry, and to the same college— Oriel," continued the little man, his eyes narrowed and shifting and busy with the sky. "In those days I was keenly interested

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"Master of the King's Highwa

in the occult: I believe it to have been somewhat of a pose-a danger-I knew there was some queer story about Gauntry Hall, ous pose. and made up my mind I would get Jack to tell me about it; not a very creditable ambition, but I was young and foolish, and I have been punished enough. We became great friends, and one evening I had my chance. He came up to my rooms rather late one night, late in November 1896, after dining out.

He was a little drunk, and still thirsty. I filled him up, and finally brought the subject round to Gauntry Hall,

'Funny you should mention it,' he said; 'my people did the annual trek to London to-day.'

"'How do you mean - "annual trek "?' I asked.

He did not answer for a moment, and could see he was torn between two impulses—one to cleanse his bosom of this family obsession, the other to keep his mouth dutifully shut. So I gave him another whisky-and-soda. He drank it in a gulp and then became muzzy and garrulous. I could see he would find relief in being unrestrainedly indiscreet.

I'm not boring you?"
"Not in the least," Mr. Packard reassured him.

"Well, suddenly Jack blurted out, 'No one's allowed to be in the house New Year's Eve.'
"'Why not?'

"'Oh, because the Bogey Man gets busy then. As a matter of fact, no one is supposed to have spent New Year's Eve at Gauntry for three hundred years. So as not to make it too conspicuous, we always clear out during the last week in November. Perhaps it's all bosh-I sometimes wonder. Anyway, I shouldn't be telling you this, but I'm slightly tight, and shall tell you some more.

"I was feeling rather ashamed of myself, and it was on the tip of

my tongue to shut him up. But I didn't.

"'No one's allowed there on New Year's Eve, but early next morning old Carrow, the butler-the Carrows have been in our service for years and years-comes to the house and opens all the windows one

after the other and shuts them again—the hell of a job. All but one, the one in the middle of the first floor of the south wing. And out of this one he has to hang a white silk banner which is in the Long Gallery and wave it three times very slowly, and then — shall I tell you what he has to do then?'

'No,' I said, for I knew I was hearing what I should not and

that I should be bitterly repentant if I let him go on. 'Shut up, and I'll forget what you've told me.

"This seemed to sober him up. 'Yes, I hope you will,' he replied, and got up and left the room. We never referred to

the subject again.

"I spent half the summer vac. at Gauntry Hall for the four years I was 'up.' It was an exquisite house, gloriously placed, and the grounds were perfection. But you remember it, so I need not describe it. Sir John and Lady Gauntry were sweet survivals from an easier age-a type which began to disappear with the introduction of modern plumbing from America. They were rather slow and faded, their manners were a heritage, their benign suzerainty over the local serfs and villeins a sharp reminder that there was something in consonance with society in the Feudal System. Well, they are dust by now. I grew to love the old place. Its atmosphere seemed so placid, untroubled, unshakable in those long, lovely summer days that I could hardly believe it was ever visited by a curious winter spell; that it ever could cease to drowse and become most malignantly awake. . The subject was never alluded to within its walls, but I remember I used to find my eyes wandering up to that window in the middle of the south wing. Yes, I

used to find myself looking up—that was At least, I think that was all, though one evening when I was taking a stroll after dinner I happened to glance up at this window and for a second it seemed as if something white fluttered from it and disappeared. But it may have been a projection from my own





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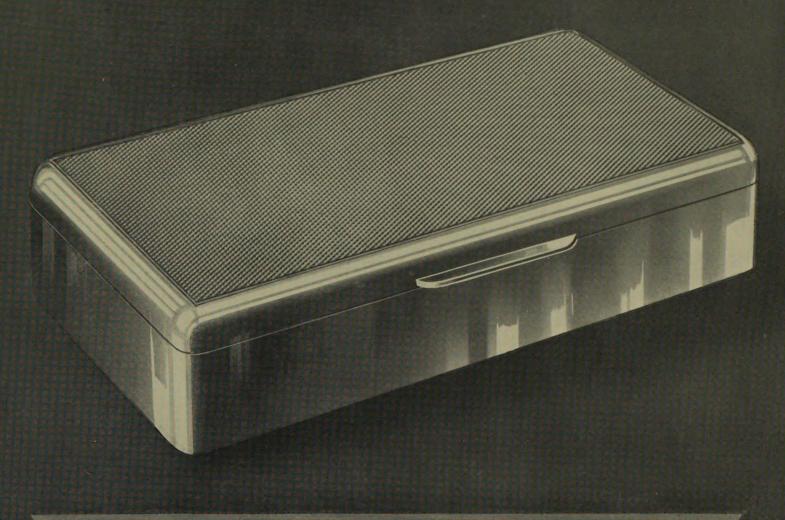
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"And then came the Boer War, and Jack went out with his Yeomanry and was killed on the Modder. The shock drove the old couple into complete seclusion, and they died within a few days of each other early in 1903. Meanwhile, I had completely lost touch with Gauntry Hall. And then one day I met Teller, the agent, in the street and he lunched with me. He told me the estate had been leased

to people called Relf, nouveaux riches. Young Relf was the son of a millionaire multiple-shop owner in the North, and he had married some little vulgarian. Teller utterly despised these town-bred parvenus and considered their occupation of Gauntry defiling and almost intolerable.

" But they may not be there much longer,' he said, 'for the damn fools are going to spend New Year's Eve in the house

" 'What! ' I cried.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'they are greatly looking forward to it. I felt it my duty to warn them, but I might have saved myself the trouble, for when I had said my piece that little barmaid, Mrs. Relf, who looks like a painted Pekinese, clapped her hands and her knees and declared she simply adored ghosts-didn't believe in them a bit, would have a house-party for the occasion, and wish a very Happy New Year to whoever or whatever came. I reminded her she was preparing to break a rule which had lasted for three hundred years. "Quite time it was broken," said she. So I shrugged my shoulders and gave it up. I wish them luck!'

'All the same,' I said, 'it's one of the most interesting pieces of news I've

heard for a long time.

"' Well, if you think that, why don't you make one of the party?' asked Teller, laughing.
"'How could I? I don't know them.'

"'Oh, that doesn't matter. They're very partial to peers."
"I was about to say 'No' most emphatically when I was seized by a most violent temptation. Here were these fools prepared to put this most ancient and vague and famous mystery to the test.

was a unique opportunity. Dangerous? Yes, probably, but the old house had always seemed friendly to me. Here was I, a professed student of the occult, presented with a glorious opportunity for investigation. If I failed to take it I should never forgive myself nor have any respect for myself. I imagine you can sympathise with my

feelings to some extent."



I peered into their faces one by one.

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"Oh, ves," replied Mr. Packard; "no doubt I should have done as I infer you did."

"Yes, I accepted."
As the little man said this Mr.
Packard noticed the Yokel glance across at him, and as their eyes met it seemed as though the fellow wished to convey a message of some sort. A warning,

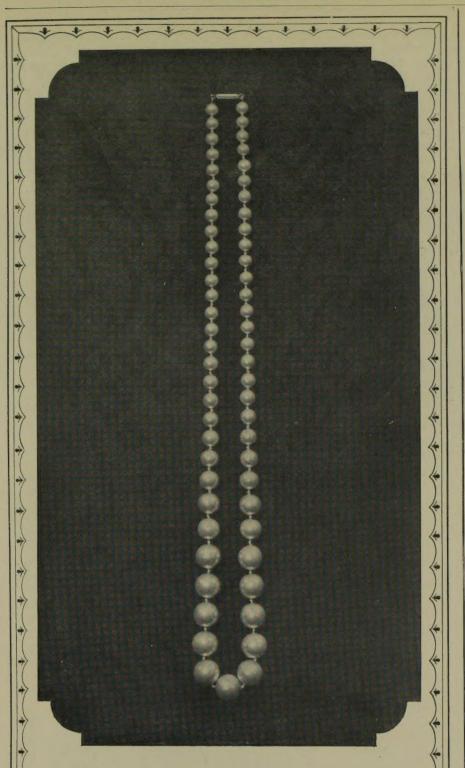
continued the little man. "I accepted. Teller fixed up the invitation for me, and I reached Leicester Station about 5.30 on New Year's Lve twenty-three years ago. The moment I got into the trap and we began to drive eastward through rows of dingy villas, I began to feel a nervous irritation which steadily increased as we drove towards Gauntry. It was a foul night, blowing very hard, and sleeting, and every yard we travelled made me wish the more I hadn't come. I could feel the influence of Gauntry reaching out and attempting to repel me. I'd have gone straight back to the station but for one thing. Supposing I funked it and nothing happened. That story might get round, wouldn't have been pleasant. All the same, when we reached the house, it took all my resolution to cross its threshold. The old place had always seemed so friendly and welcoming before, now it was sullen, and utterly hostile.

I felt as if I were a traitor, as if I had been caught by my best friend in the act of forging his name. I was so seized by dread and nervously unstrung that I hardly noticed the rest of the party. I remember there were ten of us, five women and five men, and that they all appeared to be young, noisy, and vulgar-so noisy that I was convinced they had had a good many of the primitive cocktails which they were drinking as I

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arrived, and presently I knew they were almost as full of dread and as unstrung as myself. The house seemed throbbing with a sinister rhythm. It seemed as if it had summoned the great wind which leaped at it in gigantic gusts. By coming there that day I had incurred its malignant enmity, and with cold austerity it was bidding me begone. I had my old room in the east wing, but when I went up to dress, it was as though an almost materialised force was disputing my entry. I had to breast my way through it, as through a hostile tide. I found they had decided to dine in the Great Hall, instead of the dining-room—why, I don't know. Round it ran a balcony from which a door led through to the famous Long Gallery. When we sat down I knew them all to be suffering from

an acute spiritual malaise and that what they had drunk, far from lulling their sensitiveness to the power which menaced them, had but weakened their resistance to it. How soon will the storm break?"

"In ten minutes or so," replied

Mr. Packard. "I am surprised it has not broken-before now. It is reserving all its venom for us."

Then I may have just time to finish. I do not remember whether I spoke a word throughout that meal, but I do know that I was under such a strain that I had to grip my chair to stop myself running from the room. The women were on the verge of hysteria, the men drank feverishly and, as time went on, a dreadful vague, inane babble came from all of them. The woman on my right—she had a high, thin voice—suddenly

gulped down a full glass of champagne, some of which swilled over her chin and neck, and shouted: 'Well, when does it begin?' and then went off into peals of hysterical laughter. We did not move from the table, and from half-past ten onwards, Relf kept getting up to ring the bell, but no servant appeared. 'Where are those bloody slaves?' he cried each time, and staggered back to the table and filled his glass again. From half-past eleven I was no longer master of myself. The room was thick with smoke which wreathed itself into fantastic patterns. The pressure grew unendurable, and suddenly my resistance broke, and I ran from the great hall up to my room and lay cowering on my bed. I could still hear the crazy, chaotic babble from those I had left, and then a great bell crashed out. One-two-three—and each mighty

stroke followed so hard on its predecessor that the vile jangle almost seemed an undivided sound. It was as if a murderer was-hammering in my brain. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard no sound from below, and then came one high, piercing scream from a woman: 'Look up there!' and then every light in the house went out.

"Well, when that happened, I groped round the room for my electric torch. At last I found it, and I think if I had not found it just then I should have suffered even more than I have suffered. I staggered downstairs and into the Great-Hall, and flashed the lamp on the table. They were all sitting rigidly, their eyes looking up and focussed on the door into the Long Gallery. I peered into their faces

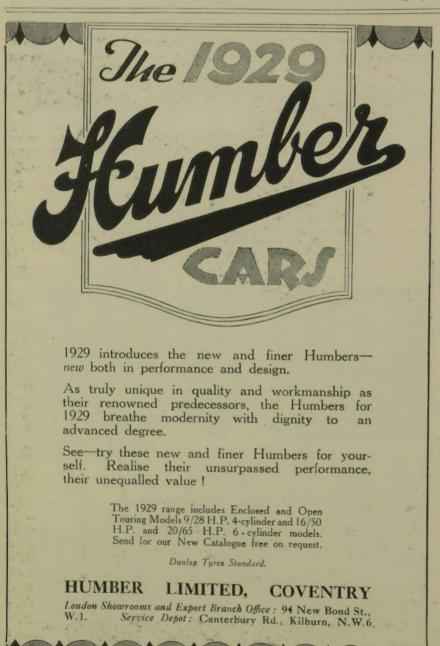
one by one. Their eyes were wide, yet drawn in, as though asquint; their heads were strained back on their shoulders; their mouths were open, and foam was on their lips. And then I flashed my torch up towards the door into the Long Gallery, and there . . . and there"

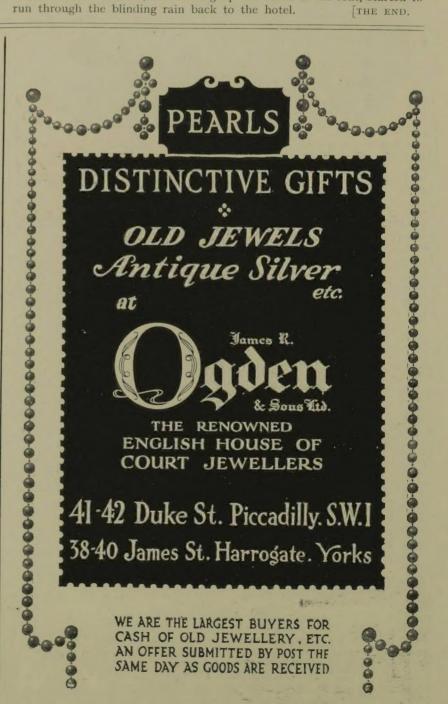
The cloud army had advanced so far that it was looming down on them. Two striding horns of vapour preceded it. As the little man cried "and there—and there—"a blinding flash leapt from one to the other, so that these enflamed and curled tentacles drove down at them, or so it seemed most terrifyingly to Mr. Packard, and the rending crash of thunder which followed hard upon it hurled its echoes round the world. And then, with inchoate fury, the storm drove forward to the attack.

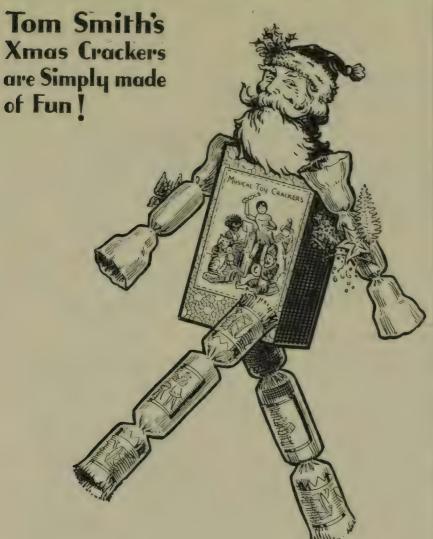
And then the little man leapt to his feet and flung his arms above his head and screamed out as though in agony: "Look up there! Look up there!" Mr. Packard moved towards him, but in a second the Yokel had him by the shoulders. "Leave him to me," he shouted against the thunder, "I know what to do." And he began to propel the little man before him. Mr. Packard, oblivious of the rain, stared after them. With a horrid regularity the little man flung up his arms and screamed: "Look up there!" and presently they turned a corner and disappeared, and the screams grew fainter. For a moment Mr. Packard stared upwards too, and then, as another flash speared down to the sea, he came to himself, and turning up the collar of his coat, started to



Mr. Packard, oblivious of the rain, stared after them. With a horrid regularity the little man flung up his arms and screamed: "Look up there!"







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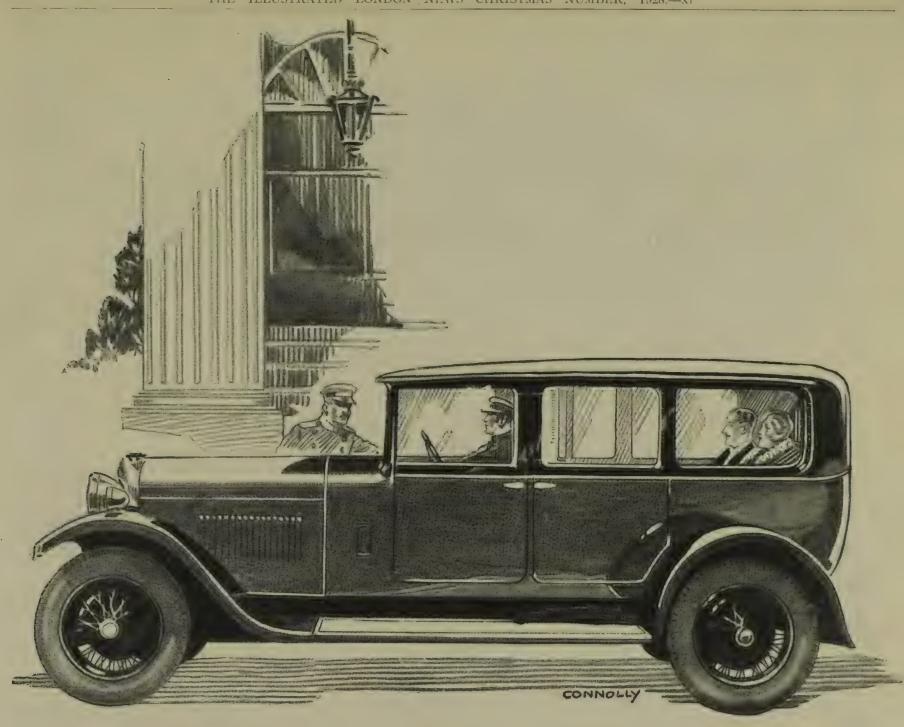
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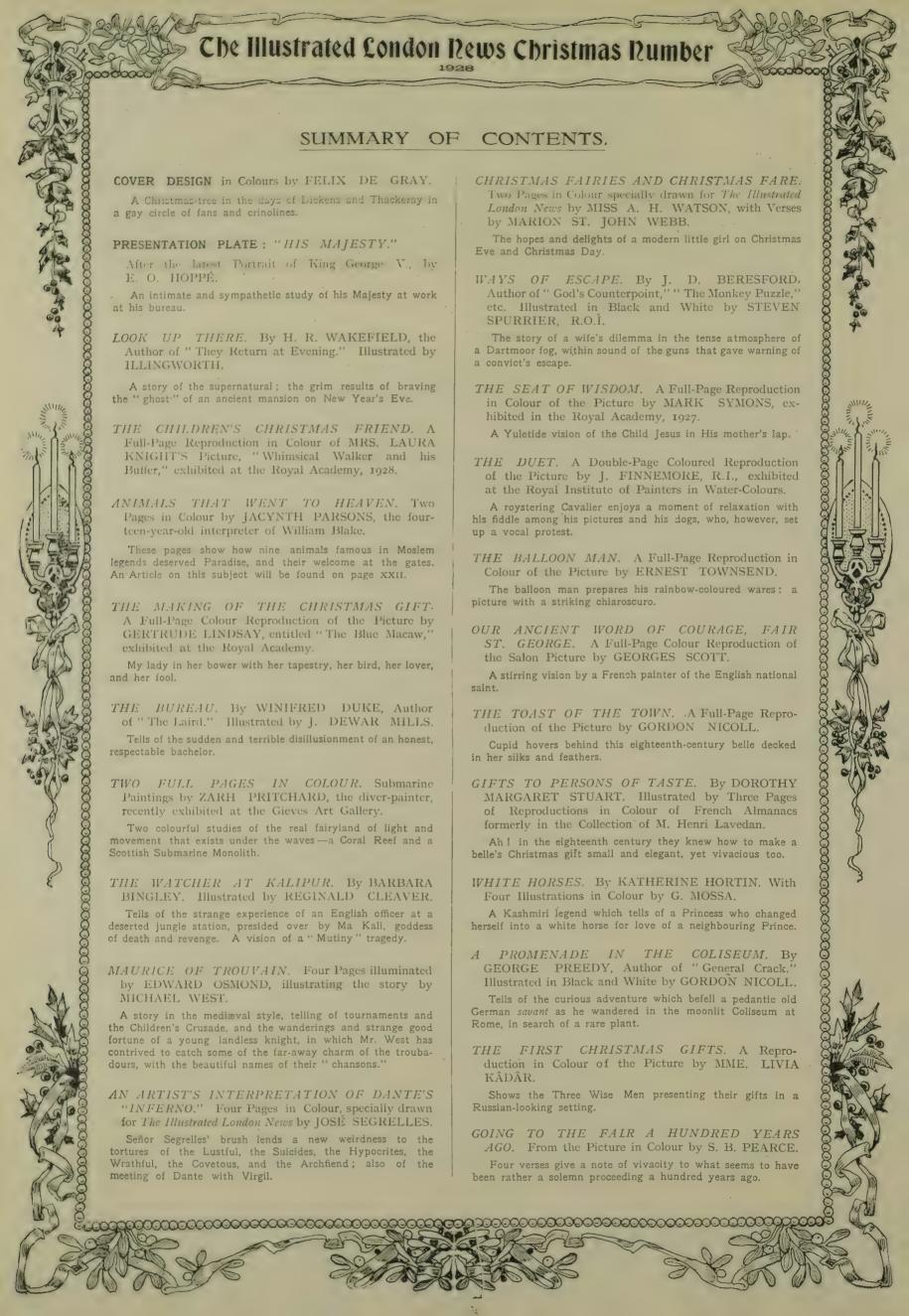
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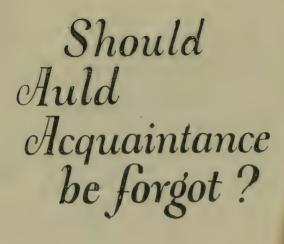
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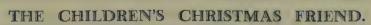
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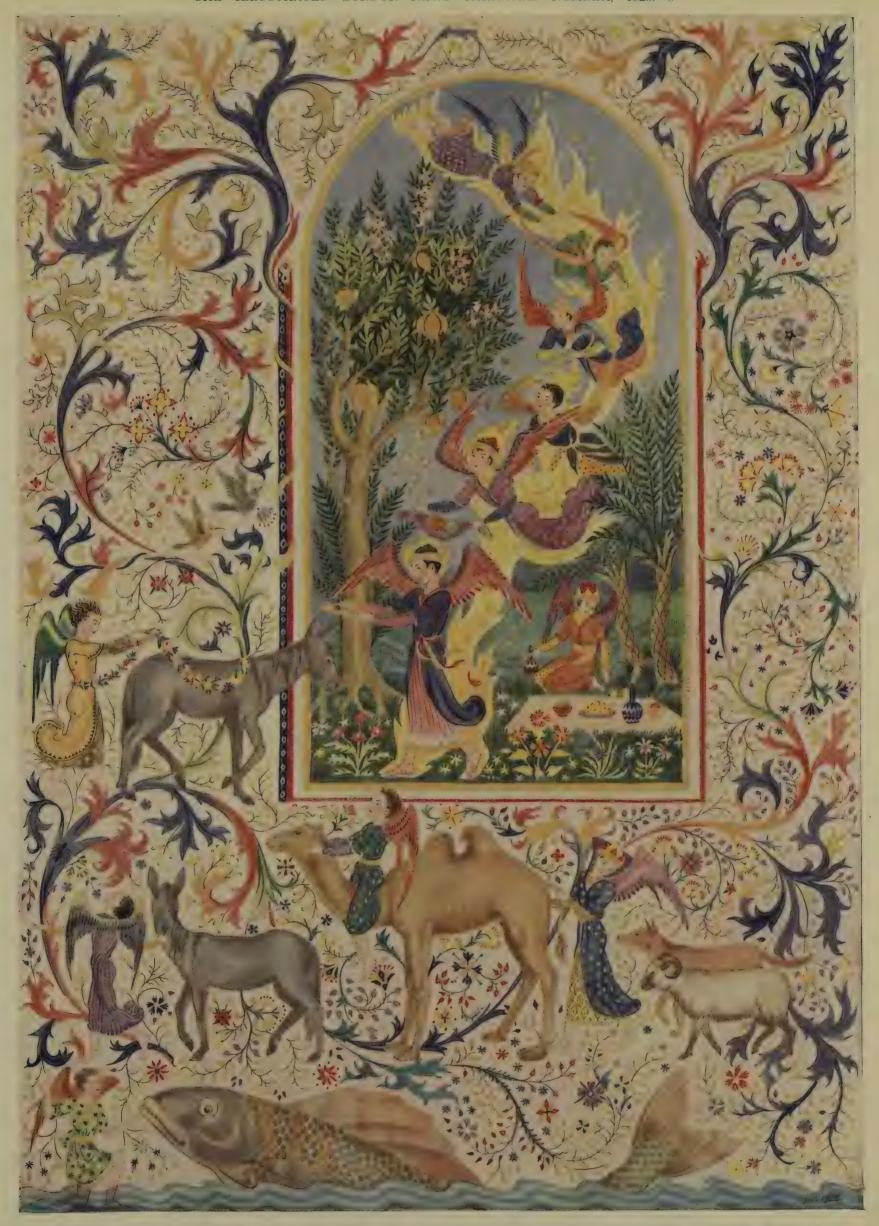
FROM THE PICTURE "WHIMSICAL WALKER AND HIS BUFFER," BY LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1928. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)





ANIMALS THAT WENT TO HEAVEN, ACCORDING TO THE MOSLEMS: THEIR "QUALIFICATIONS."

The fascinating legends concerning the admission of certain celebrated animals to the Moslem Heaven are described by Sir Thomas Arnold on a later page. Reading from the top down and (in the pairs) from left to right, we see (1) Solomon and the ants; (2) Noah and the dove; (3) The Queen of Sheba and the hoopoe; (4) Abraham (sacrificing Isaac) and the ram caught) in a thicket; (5) The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and their dog; (6) Balaam and his ass; (7) Mahomet riding Buraq; (8) Salih and the she-camel; (9) Jonah and the great fish. The arrival of the animals at the gates of Paradise is illustrated on the opposite page.



ANIMALS THAT WENT TO HEAVEN, ACCORDING TO THE MOSLEMS: THEIR ARRIVAL.

Here we see the arrival in Heaven, according to Moslem legend, of the famous animals who were held worthy to share the joys of Paradise. Each animal is here shown accompanied by an angel. In the centre is Buraq, half-mule, half-ass—Mahomet's mount when he rode to Heaven—being welcomed by a galaxy of angels, Just above him are Solomon's hoopoe and Noah's dove. Below (from left to right) are Balaam's ass. Salih's camel, and Abraham's ram with the dog of the Seven Sleepers. At the foot of the picture is Jonah's fish. The Queen of the Ants is seen on a piece of blue scroll just below the angel behind Buraq.

The Making of the Christmas Gift.



"Then take the broidery frame, and add
A crimson to the quaint Macaw."—Tennyson, "The Day Dream."



"But when Mr. Antrobus dryly questioned him about it, George's grief was so great that he could not even remember who bought it."

THE BUREAU.

By WINIFRED DUKE, Author of "The Laird," "Tales of Hate," etc.

Illustrated by J. DEWAR MILLS.



R. DANIEL ANTROBUS was a precise bachelor of eightand-fifty. He disliked children, dogs, noise, unpunctuality, and people who could not find a thing directly the article in question became an object of necessity. He kept a diary conscientiously, a bald, non-revealing diary, which should betray nothing to the gaping curi-

diary, which should betray nothing to the gaping curiosity of posterity. Not that posterity was likely to trouble its head about Mr. Antrobus, but ever since the affair of Dora he had uneasily felt himself a marked man. It was by referring to the diary, merely as aid and refreshment to an accurate and seldom erring memory, that he ascertained that June 5 was, as he had felt certain, the first anniversary of Dora's death.

Dora's death had been the most disagreeable event in Mr. Antrobus's well-regulated and blameless career. She was his only sister, and her murder (Mr. Antrobus regarded it as murder, though the affair was hushed up, and ended tamely, in the opinion of Dora's excited circle, in a verdict of suicide) had caused a devastating upheaval in his affections, feelings, and daily routine. Why a youngish woman of Dora's attractions and ascertained social position should want to commit suicide, and by such a particularly painful means as a large dose of arsenic,

neither coroner nor jury had attempted to explain. Mr. Antrobus had his own opinion both as to the suicide and the alternative, but he was not asked to give it. George, Dora's husband, kindly spared the bereaved brother even the painful task of identifying the body. George, so chorussed Dora's admiring circle, had been a model husband. He was a model widower at the inquest, the funeral—in short, all the disagreeable happenings associated with an unpleasant death. Every one of Dora's unmarried female friends, if invited to do so, would have taken her place with pleasure in a truly laudable, womanly, and disinterested effort to console George.

George was inconsolable. He hastened to rid himself of the smallest item that could recall Dora, or his married life. He sold the house at Streatham in which they had spent their five years of wedded bliss together. He sold the furniture, including the handsome eighteenth-century bureau which had stood in Dora's bouldoir. He might have offered to present the bureau to Dora's sorrowing brother, as a token of affectionate remembrance; but when Mr. Antrobus dryly questioned him about it, George's grief was so great that he could not even remember who bought it. Following the sale, he went through the accustomed and appropriate stages of inconsolability; threatened nervous breakdown, needed

sea-voyage, gradual recovery of health and spirits, the whole culminating in re-marriage, after a tactful interval. George had more or less faded out of Mr. Antrobus's world. He and Dora were only children, whose parents were dead. Dora had left no family, and her husband and brother had never found one another particularly congenial. It was far better (the admiring circle again) that they should drift apart. Because Mr. Antrobus's sister happened to be George's first wife was no reason why the brothers-in-law should martyr themselves to keep up a conventional acquaintance

Mr. Antrobus dropped the acquaintance, but he kept an eye on George and George's movements. George and his second wife were very comfortable on Dora's money (her excellent income was, one would think, an additional reason for her not wishing to commit suicide), in a new bungalow at Richmond. George explained to those of the admiring circle who penetrated so far that it was a good 'thing he had disposed of his former furniture. None of it would have fitted into these tiny rooms. The circle applauded and agreed. Only Mr. Antrobus had his own opinion, kept to himself, as to George's reason for disposing of his furniture, notably the bureau.

After this prologue, the curtain rises to show Mr. Antrobus, on the first anniversary of Dora's death (as duly corroborated by the diary), lounging, precise and polished, in the comfortable sitting-room of his flat overlooking the river. He was not, as was his usual custom, deep in a conscientious reading of the daily paper. Mr. Antrobus, ears and mind alert, sat attentive as any cat at a mousehole, anticipating the ring which should herald the arrival of the van containing Dora's bureau.

Nothing in Mr. Antrobus's appearance or attitude betrayed that the great moment for which he had waited twelve months was showing timid signs of approach. Mr. Antrobus was very thorough. His one aim, pursued smoothly, methodically, unerringly since Dora's death, had been to track down Dora's bureau. He had accepted very lightly George's ignorance of its purchaser after a due sojourn in certain auctionrooms. Mr. Antrobus had no proofs, only suspicions. He dared not let George guess that he had an interest in the bureau greater than in any of the rest of the furniture. There was no sentimental excuse. It was not inherited, or a gift of any particular value. He had bought it

for Dora himself, because she was an incurably untidy woman, despite all his lectures, and required somewhere to keep a woman's small, special possessions. Mr. Antrobus had often seen her seated at it, scribbling letters, sucking chocolates (she was an inveterate sweet-eater), or wrestling with her confused accounts. Dora had had none of her brother's prim precision, his immaculate neatness of mind and body, his pigeonholed ideas and habits. She had been a trial, an eyesore, a slovenly, impulsive, exasperating creature, but she was his only sister, whom he had dearly loved, and he firmly believed that her husband had destroyed her.

Mr. Antrobus's suspicions, crystallised into certainties, were founded on the strong conviction that the proof of the crime lay somewhere in After her death, the keys of it were found in Dora's handbag; but that, argued Mr. Antrobus forensically, did not necessarily prevent anybody else from having access to it. Dora was notorious for leaving her keys lying about. In the bureau she kept, amongst a heterogeneous collection of stamps, odds and ends, bits of broken sealingwax, stray sweets, etc., two tiny silver snuff-boxes. Mr. Antrobus had bought them at Christie's, and took some trouble to ascertain their antiquity and value. The lengthy history embracing these facts had bored Dora, who yawned undisguisedly during the recital, but she pronounced the snuff-boxes, enthusiastically if unsuitably, "ducky," and speedily found a use for both. In one she kept tiny grey-coated pills, ordered to relieve her severe headaches (Mr. Antrobus suspected eyestrain, and had recommended glasses until he was tired), while in the other reposed a small quantity of castor sugar. Dora declared the taste of the pills to be "so utterly beastly" that they required some palliative, and a mouthful of castor-sugar, she insisted, took away the unpleasant flavour far better than a lump of sugar or a sweet. containing the pills had been duly found, when the police searched the bureau after Dora's death; but not the one that held the castor sugar. Mr. Antrobus's Sherlockian theory was that George had substituted arsenic for sugar, and after it had done its deadly work on the unsuspecting Dora, had skilfully concealed the silver box with the remains of the poison in a secret drawer of the bureau. No purchase of arsenic had been traced to anyone in the house. There was nothing on which to base a

charge against the husband, but in his own mind Mr. Antrobus had no doubt as to how the dastardly thing had been accomplished. George had further acted with such devilish quickness and ingenuity that the bureau was gone before Mr. Antrobus could investigate it privately himself. This lent colour to his conviction that the second snuff-box was hidden inside it. Mr. Antrobus had gone to the length of holding up one snuff-box before George in condemnatory enquiry as to the whereabouts of its twin; but had been met by a bewildered stare, and a weary "Good Lord! I don't know where the thing's got to. I suppose Dora lost it. She was always mislaying things." In the face of George's bereavement, particularly when swept out of the house by a solid phalanx of George's relatives, headed by his detestable widowed mother (whom Mr. Antrobus always darkly suspected of matrimonial designs upon himself), Dora's brother had not liked to insist on a special search being made, but he was more determined than ever to track down that bureau.

After patient and expensive investigation Mr. Antrobus finally learned that it had been bought by a gentleman of the name of Fielden. His address was somewhere in the country, whither Mr. Antrobus had hastened, defermined, if necessary, to lay his cards on the table, and ask permission to explore the bureau thoroughly. Alas! the purchaser was away, had gone abroad indefinitely, and the house shut. When next Mr. Antrobus tried to run him to earth, he had sold it and left the neighbourhood. Mr. Antrobus wrote many letters, one of which eventually brought the prey within elusive reach. A reply from Mrs. Fielden stated that her husband was dead, killed in a motor-accident in Italy, and that she was disposing of effects and furniture. If he still wished to buy the bureau, she would give him the first refusal. The price named was stiff, but Mr. Antrobus paid it without wincing.

An explorer sighting the Pole, a climber scaling Everest and beholding the summit, an Atlantic flier seeing a great way off the spot where he plans to land, a Channel swimmer feeling solid earth under his ten numb toes, might all have shared Mr. Antrobus's sensations as the bell rang.

[Continued on page 49.]



"She pronounced the snuff-boxes, enthusiastically if unsuitably, 'ducky,' and speedily found a use for both."



No Christmas parties for little Mermaidens take place at the bottom of the sea, where this picture was painted, in oil colours, by an artist wearing a diver's dress! He was Mr. Zarh Pritchard, whose wonderful submarine paintings have attracted so much interest in London and New York. This one was done at a depth of 20 feet in a lagoon of the South Seas, at the island of Tahiti. It is entitled "Zanclus Cornutus," the name of the curious little sickle-shaped and striped fish seen swimming about among the coral.



This picture, "The Monolith," like that on page 9, was painted by Mr. Zarh Pritchard under water, but in a different setting—at a depth of 30 feet off the West Coast of Scotland. It shows sandstone rocks and kelp at low tide. The famous French airman Nungesser, afterwards lost in the Atlantic, was fascinated by it when he saw it in New York. He called the rock a symbol of courage, and below it discerned a shadowy figure with outstretched arms, which he compared to himself diving, for he was a great swimmer. The scene recalls Matthew Arnold's poem "The Forsaken Merman."



I looked closer, and saw that it was the head of a man buried in the ground up to his neck. The rider went past like a flash, but the lance only just touched the white forehead.

THE WATCHER AT KALIPUR.

By BARBARA BINGLEY (with acknowledgments to John Fane).



Illustrated by REGINALD CLEAVER.



OUR of us had dined together, and when the port was finished we went into the warm, red-papered gloom of the United Service Club library at Simla. We drew our chairs up to the fire, where the fragrant deodar logs hissed and crackled. The rain beat on the windows and the wind moaned outside, whilst in the comfortable

room, with its bookshelves and leather-covered arm-chairs, was created an atmosphere infinitely remote from the India of our daily lives. might have been in some country house in England, with a November storm beating against its walls. This idea struck Cranfield, a lean, fever-shaken Policeman up in Simla on ten days' leave, and he began to discuss old houses. Then the talk drifted on from them to their ghostly inhabitants.

Not many men, particularly men in the Services, admit to a belief in the supernatural, and I found, rather to my astonishment, that my arguments in favour of the existence of ghosts were supported by the General. Cranfield and St. George, the débonnaire private secretary to the Viceroy, amusedly incredulous, formed the opposition. "From ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night, Good Lord deliver us," he quoted with a laugh. "But, seriously, General, you can't expect a rational, logically-minded man to believe in old wives' tales."

"Well, St. George, I don't know if you 'd call me rational and logically minded. I'm told the civilian's opinion of the soldier hasn't been altered much by the war." The General chuckled rather grimly. "But if you like, I'll tell you of an experience I once had. I don't suppose it'll alter your views, but, anyway, it is first-hand evidence."
"I'm quite open to conversion, Sir," said St. George, lighting his

pipe, as we settled down to listen.

General Kelly Ryan is an unusually silent person, and it was seldom enough that one had the chance of hearing any details of his eventful He leant forward in his chair, and the firelight played on his thin, lined face and dark hair, greying over the temples. A stern, reserved man, one would say, until one had seen the charm and the sadness of his face in repose. At first he jerked his sentences out like words of command, but later, as he realised that we were interested, he spoke easily and with a certain dramatic intensity which made every incident seem real and

"Well," the General began, "here's the story. . . . I must tell you, to begin with, that the Mutiny has always been of extraordinary interest for me. I was brought up in this country, for one thing; and my father was through it, for another. My poor mother never got over it-in fact, it killed her. I went home to school when I was twelve, and then came out to India as a subaltern.

"I was stationed at Meerut with my battery, just before I got my Captaincy. I got rather dipped over the Spring Races, so I didn't go to the Club much. Clubs mean bills. I had a good deal to think about just then. There wasn't much pay for two, and there was a girl at home . . . not that we're much better off now, with the boy at Woolwich. I used to go off for long rides, and think. One day I found a track in the jungle I had never explored, and pushed off down it. It looked very inviting at that time of year, and the going was good. I must have been riding carelessly, though, for the pony stumbled, and went dead lame—a tendon gone. There was nothing to be done except lead him gently. Then I realised I had been riding for hours, and that I had completely lost my

"It was getting dusk. The track was deep in thick, soft dust, so I thought it was better to go on, as I was sure there must be a village in the neighbourhood where I could put up the pony. It would be shorter for him than going the whole way back, and it doesn't do to leave an animal alone in the jungle at night.

'I waited a bit till the moon rose, and I saw a little further ahead a sort of clearing with those feathery babul bushes growing round it. In the middle was a great pillar, and as I came up I saw it was one of those monoliths which the Moghul Emperors built wherever they made a camping ground. The sight of it reassured me, as it usually means there is a

village somewhere about. Sure enough, not very much further on I came to a few rather disreputable-looking thatched huts. I shouted and shouted, but nothing happened, although the fires were still smouldering outside the huts. The place looked desolate beyond words, and I thought the dinner prospects would be pretty poor, as the only people one was likely to find in a place like that were Gujars.

The Deputy Commissioner used to say they were Pre-Dravidian, and very interesting; but anyway, they eat lizards for choice, so it's not much fun taking pot-luck with them. However, I was too grateful at finding any human habitation to be difficult, and I started trying to

find the inhabitants at once.

"Then the weirdness of it all struck me: there wasn't a soul in the place, and yet it seemed to have been deserted within a very short time of my coming. I wandered down the road, which took a sharp turn, and I came quite suddenly on what was evidently a deserted British cantonment built round the ruins of a Moghul fort. It must have been

a wonderful place in its time, but the jungle had crept in, and it was impossible to imagine a more melancholy spot. There was rank grass sprouting up everywhere, and houses were whitewashed wrecks with no roofs left. In front of the main gateway of the fort there was a great tank which shone like molten silver, and on a little mound a much larger house with white pillars that seemed in almost good repair. I went towards it, and saw that the path led through an archway which had evidently been the lodge gate. There was a low brick wall with battered Greek urns on it, surrounding what must

have been the garden. "The arch was a splendid piece of old Mohammedan work, much older than the There was a house. fretted marble screen on one side, against which sat an old man who might have been the spirit of the place. He was crooning to himself, something low, and indescribably sad. At the sound of my voice he sprang up, looking scared out of his wits; and when he realised I was not an apparition, he came towards me and salaamed-the old way, touching the dust. He said he was the chowkidar, which sounded promising, for if there was an official watchman the place was

probably a rest house. I told the old chap that I was going to stay the night, and wanted food. He joined his hands together, and when a native does that after a request it always means there will be obstruction ahead. 'Protector of the Poor, it is not fitting that the Presence should remain here, where nothing is prepared. If the Sahib will but ride a few kos, he will reach Manighat, where there is a dâkbungalow, and many other sahibs. Ten kos-perhaps twelve kos. This is no place . . .' I cut short the stream of excuses. A ten-mile trudge leading a lame pony was more than I could face, particularly as I felt more like going to sleep on the spot. I had had a go of fever just before, and that always weakens one. Besides, it was more likely to be twenty kosyou know what a native's ideas of distance are.

"'Choop, be silent,' I said, 'What is the name of this place?'

"'Huzoor, it is called Kalipur,' he answered, as he took the reins out of my hand and led the pony away. I was so tired I did not even go and see the pony stabled, but stumbled up the steps to the terrace in front of the house, where I sat with my back against one of the pillars. I heard the sound of the pony's hoofs striking stone as he was led into the yard, and then there was a heavy, dead silence. I was conscious that my head was throbbing, and I tried to remember where I had heard the name of the place before. There was a Moghul fort on our maps, but it was marked Shanbagh. Then, thinking slowly, as one does with a tired brain, I began to connect Kalipur with a man in the I.C.S., whom I had met soon after coming out. His name was Jamieson, and he was at Cawnpore when I first joined. A curious sort of fellow, always delving into old records and poking about in ruins, and generally living among tombs, if he could find any. But when it came to the Mutiny he was amazing—he might have been through it himself.

I used to sit and listen to him for hours. He wasn't very popular in the station, for people didn't understand either him or his tastes. But I liked him, and saw a good deal of him. The last time I saw him he came round to my bungalow looking as if he had been badly scared. I couldn't get much out of him, though, beyond the facts that he had been out on one of his usual quests, and had had some terrible experience which he didn't want to talk about. Then I remembered he had mentioned the name of the place, and that it was called Kalipur. He never told me

where it was, nor what had happened. I always meant to ask him about it again later; but then I was transferred, and he died shortly afterwards in some epidemic. It dawned on me then that I was in the very place he talked of, and it certainly seemed uncanny enough to fit any story. But I was far too tired to bother about Jamieson or any half-remembered yarn. colder as the moon rose, and the jackals had begun to keen and jeer in the undergrowth. It's an ordinary enough sound, and one I was used to, but on that night, and in that deserted place, it seemed unaccountably weird. I was half-asleep when suddenly the door of the house opened behind me with a loud creak, which made me jump. I found myself standing on the steps with my heart going in great, uneven thumps, and I realised I was a bit overstrained. It was only the chowkidar with a butti in his hand, which sent long, flickering shadows down the steps. 'Is food

ready? I asked. "'Sahib,' he whined, 'I am an old man, and there is none here to

"It was getting

help.'
" 'Where are the village folk? Do none but thyself and the jackals live here?' He looked round furtively at this, and muttered

something about 'departing also,' and 'the night of ill-omen.' Then he added that there was no food, and I had better go on to Manighat. I was getting more and more exasperated at hearing what I took to be an old man's ravings, but I realised it was quite useless to hustle him . . . not that it ever pays with the right type of native at any time. 'I want but little. Do but what was done for Jamieson Sahib, and other sahibs who have been here.

"The name seemed to act like a charm. He salaamed again, and said hurriedly: 'Did the Presence know Jamieson Sahib? If so, then nothing is hidden from him-for it was also 'the night' when he came. Wherefore the Sahib must know that it is only I who stay in Kalipur when the moon of the fifth month is full. They will not harm me, who am an old man and the servant of the Sirkar. It is not good to speak of spirits, wherefore since the Black Year the sahib-log come here no more.'

"I could make nothing out of his rigmarole, and, as my patience was exhausted, I cut him short. 'Go, prepare food'—and as he still hesitated, I added brusquely, 'It is an order.' I took the oil lamp out of his hand and walked across the verandah and through the door. I thought I would fill in time until dinner was ready by exploring the



An old man came towards me and salaamed, touching the dust. He said he was the chowkidar.

The first room I came to was vast and echoing, and a couple of bats flew out of the sagging ceiling cloth. The plaster was peeling in great patches off the walls, and the room was quite empty except for a broken wicker bird-cage lying in one corner. It was a piece of shattered wreckage so well in keeping with the rest of the place that it expressed the whole atmosphere perfectly. I passed it by quickly, and went into another room, where I found the chowkidar had lit a small fire. A few pieces of furniture made the place look habitable. There was a broken charpoy, a cane arm-chair with leg-rests, the usual P.W.D. pattern, and, making a curiously incongruous contrast to these two, a small early Victorian writing-desk. A davenport, I think, is the name of the thing. I know my grandmother had one, which as children we were never allowed to touch. Anyway, it looked oddly tidy amongst the other cheap stuff. I set my lantern on the shelf above the sloping lid of the desk, and began to open the drawers. They came readily enough, with exception of one, the top drawer on the left hand. It had jammed tight, so I gave it a jerk, and it flew open. As if in answer to the noise there was a thin dry rustle behind me, and I realised I had started again violently, as if detected in the "As I sat turning the letter between my fingers the chowkidar came in with my dinner. I ate the curry and chupatties he had cooked; but, though I was hungry, I didn't enjoy the meal much. My nerves seemed unreasonably on edge. When he had cleared away the chipped crockery, I got up, and, as the room was stuffy, threw open the heavy teakwood shutters which barred the windows facing the verandah. They couldn't have been touched for years, and the hinges groaned like things in pain when I set my shoulder against them. There was bright moonlight outside, and thinking a stroll would freshen me up, I walked out. As I went down the wide steps I heard a voice behind me. The chowkidar had come out of the house, and was standing beside one of the big pillars on the verandah. I paid no attention to him, and his voice trailed away in the distance.

"It was, I think, one of the most beautiful nights I have ever seen, even in India. The road was a ribbon of silver, and everything a pattern of clear-cut black and white. Standing at the foot of the steps I saw the whole Fort in front of me. The house being set on a raised mound, I could look across and see every detail of the surrounding landscape. The ground in front sloped down to the dark mass of a mango tope,



I picked it up and unfolded it. I saw the date at the head of the page-13th May, 1857. It brought my thoughts back to Jamieson and his one-absorbing topic, the Mutiny.

act of betraying some confidence. It was only a black scorpion moving over the matting; he crossed the little pool of yellow light cast by the lamp, and then was lost in the darkness beyond. As I looked after him, my eye was caught by a piece of paper lying on the dusty floor. It must have been jerked out when I opened the drawer. For no particular reason I had the impression that it had been thrust in hastily, and the drawer closed sharply afterwards. I picked it up and unfolded it. The paper was yellow with age, and the ink had faded so much that the writing was almost undecipherable. I held the sheets close to the lamp. They nearly crumbled in my hands, and the writing was unusual, with long "s's" and many flourishes.

I saw the date at the head of the page—13th May, 1857. It brought my thoughts back to Jamieson and his one-absorbing topic, the Mutiny. As far as I can remember the letter ran something like this—

"My Dearest Caroline.—I do not know if this letter will ever reach you, for the state of affairs grows daily graver than I had anticipated. The disaffection spreads, and I greatly fear that it has tainted the Regiment here, though my trust in my own men is implicit. . . ." After that the writing was blurred, though I could read the words: "safe in Cawnpore. . . ." and "lives in God's hands," with the signature, "Your devoted Husband, John Austen."

and beyond that, through a gap in the defences, I could see a wide grassy plain of the Maidan, enclosed by the four walls of the Fort. The arched bastions showed clear in the moonlight; but the bluish ground mist of the Punjab eddied about the height of the doors. Set in the north wall was a gateway of red sandstone crowned with domed turrets. It looked interesting, so I walked down the road past the mango tope towards the broken gap in the walls by which I could get into the Maidan in the centre of the Fort. The mango tope was in dense black shadow, and on the far side, practically in the Fort itself, was a small wayside shrine. It was the usual crumbling ruin of a place with a plaster dome, and inside the painted figure of the goddess, Ma Kali, the Mother of Death and Revenge. It was a particularly hideous image, I remember, painted bright blue, with staring, malignant eyes. I didn't stay more than a minute inside the strine. There was something uncanny about the place, and I told you my nerves were on edge. I picked my way between the rotting wreaths of marigold flowers which lay littered around, and came to the edge of the Maidan, where I sat down on a twisted tree root.

"As I waited there, I suddenly became aware of a movement somewhere in the misty shadows in front of me. The unearthly atmosphere of the place had a disturbing quality, and it seemed to me so odd that there should be any human being there that I got up and, moved by

curiosity, walked to the edge of the black pool of shadow cast by the farthest mango-tree. I looked straight across the Maidan to the mass of masonry which formed the entrance gate. To my amazement, I saw that the sky framed by the arch was obscured by dark shadows, and, straining my eyes, I saw the shapes of mounted men ride through the archway and form themselves into a

long single line.

'I could scarcely believe my own eyes, for, though I knew of no cavalry stationed within a hundred miles of Kalipur, there, in front of me, I saw quite a strong body of men, nearly a squadron, and . . . they were moving without a sound. There was no creaking of leather, no jingle of bits and sabres; the horses were not whinnying, and their hoofs made no sound on the hard ground. As I stared I saw the men were wearing old - fashioned uniforms, like those I had seen in pictures of my father's regiment of pre-Mutiny Irregulars. They had curiously tied turbans and wore loose-fitting alkhalaks, and they carried lances without pennons. Though they moved in military formation, they appeared to be directed rather than commanded by a Rajput Chief. He was magnificently mounted, and, though he was not in uniform, he carried a long, curved sword.

"Though I could see them perfectly clearly, as the moon showed every detail of uniform and trapping, there was an air of unreality about them which I could not explain, until my tired brain took in the fact that neither horse nor rider cast any shadow.

"My heart was thudding in great, uneven beats, and almost instinctively I hid myself in the shadow. Then the line of horsemen began to move. They cantered down the straight, and I saw the white-clad leader wave his arm and his lips move in a soundless cry. The horsemen formed up in a long line facing the shrine, their well-trained mounts correcting the intervals as each came into place. Then, at another signal, the right-hand man wheeled and cantered away; he turned, and I saw the lance-point raised high into the air and come down in a long, graceful wave as his horse broke into full gallop. Then I saw that he was going to tent-peg at some object that lay in front of the shrine, and only a few yards from me. I looked closer, and with an indescribable feeling of horror saw that it was the head of a man buried in the ground up to his neck. He was quite young, with side-whiskers and moustache of soft, fair hair, and about his brow was bound a tattered garland of marigold flowers, adding a hideous, garish touch to the expression on his face, which was one of frozen terror.

"The rider went past like a flash, bending low in the saddle; but the lance was so skilfully handled that it only just touched the white forehead, before the butt swept back over the rider's shoulder, and he threw up the point again with a flourish. The head seemed to droop a little, and one side was darker than it had been before the run. It was not a shadow. The next man left the ranks and almost delicately speared the head on the other cheek. After him followed in quick succession the other horsemen, each one doing no more than just touch

"It was skill, and skill of the most consummate barbarity. Finally the leader seemed to cry out something, and the last of the riders drove his point home with horrible force. It seemed to me that, although the silence remained deathly and unbroken, somewhere from those four great walls men were applauding.

"My mouth was dry, and I felt a wild desire to get away, combined with an overpowering weakness. I took a step forward, saw again the thing on the Maidan, and then I must have fainted, for I don't remember anything more. When I came to, the chowkidar was kneeling

beside me, and it was 'What has broad day. happened?' I asked.

'The Sahib has seen -- what it is not good to see, But by the Mercy of Allah he is not dead.'

" I sat up, and saw that I had been lying on the ground just outside the shrine. The blue goddess, the flowers, the old man, all swam before my eyes, and I felt utterly played out. Then I remembered what had happened, and wondered if it was all a bad dream.

"'What have I seen? There were horsemen-I said stupidly.

'Without doubt, Huzoor, there were horsemen, who before death did evil, wherefore they return now-

" Then they are dead?' I said.

"The Presence need have no fear; assuredly they are dead. Did not Fazuldin, my father, see them blown from guns before Delhi? It

was the great Queen's order—'
"'When? In the Black Year?' My senses were returning.

"'Yea, Sahib; for in that year my father was bearer to Asteen Sahib.'

" 'He who-

"He nodded his head. 'Did I not say they were evil folk?'

"Austen! I remembered the name. I had seen it written in faded ink at the foot of a letter, and dazedly I wondered what had become of Caroline. 'There was a Memsahib?'

" 'Yea Sahib, and a baba also-" 'And did God spare their lives?'

"The old man squatted on the ground beside me, and began to speak in the sing-song tone which the native always adopts when telling a Sahib, it was in the Black Year, in the beginning of the hot Asteen Sahib dwelt in this house with the Memsahib and the Baba, and to them great happiness was accorded. My father, Fazuldin, on whom be peace, was bearer to Asteen Sahib, and he has spoken to me of all these things, wherefore my talk is true talk, and not bazaar

"'Assuredly,' I said. 'Tell thou the tale.'

"'Now in the spring there came many rumours, and lies were told: how that the Raj was ended, one hundred years having passed. And it was also declared that it was the will of the officer Sahibs to make all men alike, and Christian, by the breaking of caste. For to both Moslem and Hindu alike the cartridges were defilement.

"At the time of the fifth month came orders from the Jung-i-lat Sahib, the Commander-in-Chief, and the officers of Asteen Sahib's regiment marched away to Cawnpore, leaving Asteen Sahib in this place with one company, that he might guard the Fort. The Sahib urged the Mem to depart, but she, being of high courage and young, laughed, saying that, with his own company to guard them, she had no fear. For some days he heard nothing, and then came one bearing five chupatties, and speaking false words, so that even the men of Asteen Sahib's company were filled with madness and spoke evilly of the

Raj.
"Then my father, hearing their plots, came to the Sahib, bearing warning, and the next day Asteen Sahib called my father and bade him saddle the two horses and ride with the Memsahib to Cawnpore. This my father did, carrying also the babe tied upon his back in a puggaree cloth. The Memsahib wept much, and the Sahib was very silent, as is the manner of Sahibs when their hearts are heavy. My father went with the Memsahib, riding by night and hiding by day, so that on the third day they came to Cawnpore. There she would have found safety had the General Sahib not listened to the lying words, the words of an idolater sworn upon cows.

"'Wherefore they left the walls that gave shelter and went down even to the Sadipoora Ghat. The Sahib knows that the boats could not move when the great guns broke them and the Sahib log were slain. The Memsahib and the babe died also, their bodies being cast into a certain well. But these things my father did not see, for, leaving the Memsahib, he returned here, having had orders from the Sahib to bring back news swiftly. Whilst he was away the men of Asteen Sahib's company had turned against their salt, so that not one remained faithful. But because they had loved Asteen Sahib, they went away silently, by night, doing no evil, save that of taking the rupees which the Colonel Sahib had left with Asteen Sahib for their payment.



When I came to, the chowkidar was kneeling beside me. "What has happened?" I asked. has seen-what it is not good to see. But by the Mercy of Allah he is not dead."

not of Asteen Sahib's company, good Musulmans all, though foolish. Nay, they were idolaters, strangers, who, having slain their own officers at Manighat, rode on to do evil elsewhere. My father buried the Sahib yonder, in the garden, in the place where he and the Memsahib sat in the evening. He did not mark the grave lest those others should desecrate it. . . Thus all was finished. My father told me the tale, and now only I know where the Sahib lies buried. Lo! here be

"But on the day

that they left, came

others; so that when he returned my father

found that there had

been-what the Sahib

has seen. They were

flowers.' THE END.









An Artist's Visions: Dante's "Inferno"-by Segrelles.

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"I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyronous gust those evil souls So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.

On this side and on that, above, below, It drives them: hope of rest to solace them Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes, Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky, Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld Spirits, who came loud wailing..."

Dante's "Inferno.' Canto V. 37 49. (Cary & Trans'ation)

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"While to the lower space with backward sten

I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one

Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of speech.

When him in that great desert I espied, 'Have mercy on me,' cried I out aloud,

'Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be.' He answer'd: 'Now not

man, man once I was, And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both

By country, when the power of Julius vet Was scarcely firm. At

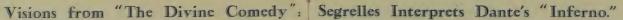
Rome my life was past. Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time

Of fabled deities and false. A bard Was I, and made Anchises'

upright son The subject of my song,

who came from Troy, When the flames prey'd on llium's haughty towers."

Dante's "Inferno," 1, 61-78. (Cary's Translation.)



"We stood, expecting further speech, when us A noise surprised; as when a man perceives

The wild boar and the hunt approach his place Of station'd watch, who

of the beasts and boughs

Loud rustling round him hears. And lo! there came

Two naked, torn with briers, in headlong flight.

That they before them broke each fan o' th' wood.

'Haste now,' the foremost cried, 'now haste thee, death!'

The other, as seemed, impatient of delay, Exclaiming

And then, for that perchance no longer breath

Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush One group he made."

Dante's "Inferno" XIII, 109-118. (Cary's Translation.)







"There in the depth we saw a painted tribe, Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept, Faint in appearance and

o'ercome with toil. Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down

Before their eyes, in fashion like to those Worn by the monks in Cologne, Their ourside

Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view. But leaden all within, and

of such weight That Frederick's compared to these were

straw. Oh everlasting wearisome attire!

We yet once more with

them together turn'd To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.'

Dante's "Inferno," XXIII, 58-67 (Cary's Translation.)

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1928.—22

An Artist's Visions: Dante's "Inferno"-by Segrelles.

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"......But as I look'd
Toward them, lo! a serpent with six feet
Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:
His midmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot
Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek

He flesh'd his fangs); the hinder on the thighs Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curl'd Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd A dodder'd oak, as round the other's limbs The hideous monster intertwined his own."

Dante's "Inferno." XXV. 52-69 (Cary's Translation.)



"From one side and the other, with loud voice, Both roll'd on weights, by main force of their breasts, Then smote together, and each one forthwith Roll'd them back voluble, turning again; Exclaiming these, 'Why holdest thou so fast?'

Those answering, 'And why castest thou away?' So, still repeating their despiteful song, They to the opposite point, on either hand, Traversed the horrid circle; then, arrived, Both turn'd them round...."

Dante's "Inferno," VII, 25-30. (Cary's Translation.)







She was interrupted by a sharp but almost inaudible "Tst!" from the figure by the door.

WAYS OF ESCAPE.

By J. D. BERESFORD, Author of "God's Counterpoint," "The Monkey Puzzle," "An Imperfect Mother," "The Instrument of Destiny," etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

RS. TREVARRIAN was undoubtedly "queer." Her neighbours, the nearest of whom lived half a mile from her cottage, were agreed about that, though they differed as to the signs of her peculiarity. The Vicar, his wife, and two or three of their friends thought Mrs. Trevarrian altogether too eccentric for wanting to live in

a wretched, inconvenient cottage right out on the moor, when she might have taken poor old Miss Baker's house, two minutes from the church. But Mrs. Holmleigh, who was a writer and had an imagination, said that she could quite understand that part of it; what she thought so queer was Mrs. Trevarrian's "complex."

"I'm afraid I don't quite..." the Vicar had murmured, the first

time Mrs. Holmleigh had brought that out.

"Freud, you know, and all that," she had then explained airily. "Suppressions and so on; a kind of mania it becomes."

The Vicar had looked very grave. He had a feeling that "Freud"

was a slightly improper word for a lady to use.

"Oh, no, no, nothing of that kind," Mrs. Holmleigh had continued. "With Mrs. Trevarrian it takes the form of longing for a domestic servant-reasonable enough these days in most cases, I grant; but she has got a devoted retainer already in that nice old Sarah of hers. And surely there can't be work for more than one in that little place.'

"Yes, I remember her mentioning the fact that she hoped to have another maid before long," the Vicar had commented.
"She mentions it to everybody," Mrs. Holmleigh had returned

triumphantly, "and it doesn't stop there; for she has a photograph, a cabinet photograph, if you please, of her former housemaid in cap and gown, on the sitting-room mantelpiece; and always says at least once when you see her that she half hopes to get that particular maid back

again, one day."

"True," the Vicar had agreed. "Odd, yes; certainly a little queer."
And then: "Another little mystery, perhaps, for you to write a story about, my dear lady."

"Mystery? Well, hardly; for me, at least." Mrs. Holmleigh had explained. "Mysteries are rather vieux jeu, you know, Vicar, these days. What we go in for now is psychology. And if I do write a story

about Mrs. Trevarrian, I shall concentrate on her complex.' "Ah! Indeed! Yes, I see!" The Vicar had looked round for his hat at that point. There was something about the sound of the word "complex" that he found distinctly embarrassing; and he decided on the spot that it would be as well for him never to call on Mrs. Trevarrian alone. Mrs. Holmleigh was a very clever woman, and, although he would never have guessed it himself, it was quite possible that Mrs. Trevarrian did suffer at times from this strange new mental disturbance that they spoke of as a Quite a handsome woman, too, and not more than thirty-five at the outside.

It was perhaps with the idea of studying her material at first hand that Mrs. Holmleigh paid occasional visits to the cottage on the moor after that conversation with the Vicar. But she "got nothing useful," as she said, for literary purposes, until that memorable afternoon in early June, the first really fine day that they had had for weeks, according to Mrs. Holmleigh, who decided to make the most of it by taking a brisk walk across the moor, calling at Fern Cottage on her way back for a cup of tea, and, if possible, more material.

The first part of her plan was upset by the fog, the opening incident of that exciting day. Fogs are quite common on the moor in June, but this one had a dramatic quality from the outset. The sky had been cloudless until three o'clock, the sunshine gratefully hot after the spell of damp, cold weather, and the light northerly breeze that chilled the air up on the moors had only added a touch of exhilaration to a delightful day. And then, a little after three o'clock, a dense white fog came rolling out of nowhere like a vast bank of smoke. Mrs. Holmleigh had at first believed it to be actually smoke. She caught sight of it pushing between the tors and thought the heather must be on fire. She had paused to watch it, and had been scared by the rapidity of its advance. But, though she was relieved to find that it was only the more familiar phenomenon of a moor-fog, she did not want to be caught by it in the open, and made at once for Fern Cottage, fortunately less than a quarter of a mile away. She reached it, full of excitement over her adventure, not, as she protested, a single minute too soon; for, as she reached the door, the first streamers of cold, dank mist came drifting over the hedge of Mrs. Trevarrian's garden, and before she was well in the house the sun had paled, melted into a diffused halo of light, and vanished together with all the rest of the visible landscape. "Really, you couldn't see your hand before your face," Mrs. Holmleigh asserted in a high, rapid voice; and, indeed, it was quite true that from the sitting-room window you could not then see across the little garden of Fern Cottage.

Mrs. Trevarrian had often a preoccupied, abstracted air, and this afternoon it was more marked than ever. She continually failed to answer Mrs. Holmleigh's questions; and more than once she did not appear to be in the least aware that any question had been put to her. Mrs. Holmleigh was too uncomfortable even to make those mental notes that had been the original object of her visit. Obviously she was not wanted, but she really did not care to risk a half-mile walk across the moor in this weather. The fog was worse than ever. The windows looked as if they were filled with ground glass. It would be positively unsafe to leave until the fog lifted. Mrs. Trevarrian's complex must be a very bad one. Perhaps the fog made it worse. A touch of claustrophobia, very likely. Meanwhile, choosing between the unpleasant alternatives of remaining where she was, so very certainly unwelcome, and losing herself on the moor, Mrs. Holmleigh decided to go on talking brightly, telling her hostess true stories of people who had come to grief in just

such weather as this, walking in circles all night, or being attacked by tramps, or.

She was interrupted by the sound of a deep, low boom, and the win-

dows of the sitting-room faintly rattled.
"Oh!" Mrs. Holmleigh exclaimed. "My dear Mrs. Trevarrian, did you hear that?" And even as she spoke, the deep, low boom and the

responsive tremour of the sash-panes were repeated.
"You know, of course, what——" Mrs. Holmleigh began again, in high excitement, but before she could complete her explanation, that extraordinary person, her hostess, had got to her feet, and left the room.

"Well, really! Oh, she's quite mad, of course!" Mrs. Holmleigh softly protested with a shrug of her shoulders. But what was she to do now? It was most embarrassing. She stood up, crossed to the mantelpiece, and stared idly at the photograph of Mrs. Trevarrian's ideal, deeply-regretted housemaid-a good-looking girl, she reflected, with a stocky figure, but not, one would guess, very intelligent. She was still staring, when she heard the door open behind her, and turned with a faint sense of having been caught in some rather doubtful action. It was not, however, Mrs. Trevarrian who had come in, but her elderly maid, Sarah, in her hat and coat.

'Mrs. Trevarrian's not very well, Ma'am," she explained, in a harsh, slightly peremptory voice; "and I've come to take you back to the village."

Mrs. Holmleigh hesitated a moment, and then decided that, on the whole, she preferred to take her chances with the moor and the fog. "Dear me! I'm so sorry," she said. "I thought, you know, that she was not looking well, but ought one to leave her all alone?'

"That's quite all right, Ma'am," was the curt response.

"Oh, very well, if you are quite sure," Mrs. Holmleigh agreed amiably. "It's really very nice of you to offer to come with me, and I admit that I should be grateful, particularly in the circumstances. You heard the

guns, I suppose?

But the elderly Sarah merely turned her head and went out, leaving Mrs Holmleigh to follow her. Nor did she give that lady the least opportunity for conversation on her way home, an opportunity that Mrs. Holmleigh had thought might be discreetly used to obtain a little more information on the subject of that poor Mrs. Trevarrian's mental weakness. Indeed, it seemed that the maid was as eccentric as her mistress; she was so morose, so inattentive, and, considering her position, so positively rude in the way she kept hurrying on ahead, steadfastly refusing to respond to the most friendly advances

When she was safely home again in her own snug drawing-room, Mrs. Holmleigh was inclined to congratulate herself on having had a very lucky escape. She was inclined to believe now that that surly woman was really Mrs. Trevarrian's keeper. The fog was beginning to lift. Directly after tea she would go across to the Vicarage, tell them the story of her adventurous afternoon, and ask the Vicar what he thought they ought to do about that madwoman and her keeper on the moor. Had she not warned him months ago?

II.

Mrs. Trevarrian was standing at the window of her little sitting-room when Sarah returned. The cold north wind that had brought the fog was increasing in force, blowing strange rents and alleys in the opaque white mass, revealing sudden unexpected distances and almost instantly closing them again. But there could be no doubt now that the fog was dispersing. The tumbling heap of low white cloud that the wind had brought in from the sea was rolling away to the south, and very soon the sun would be shining again in a clear sky.

Sarah came straight into the sitting-room without removing her hat, and looked up anxiously at her mistress. She did not raise her eyebrows nor perceptibly change her habitual expression of cold reserve,

but the concentration of her stare had an effect of posing a vital question.

Mrs. Trevarrian shook her head. "Not yet," she said, after a short pause, and added: "It may not have been. . . . We can't be sure that , . ." She turned back to the window, and there was something in the tensity of her pose and the lift of her head that suggested a listener rather than a watcher.

Sarah came a little further into the room, and speaking in a low, even voice, said: "Everything's all ready. I put the things out, directly I heard the guns, and opened the window at the bottom.'

"I know," Mrs. Trevarrian replied softly. "I've been in."
"I suppose, if he should come," Sarah began again, after another short interval of silence, "that I'd better burn the other clothes as soon as he's changed 'em?"

"Not the shoes," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "Because of the smell. Bury them in the back garden. If they come after him, they may want to search the place."

At that reminder, Sarah glanced quickly at the mantelpiece, but the otograph of the housemaid had already disappeared. "I've hidden photograph of the housemaid had already disappeared. it quite safely," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "I thought it better not to burn

For the past half-hour her mind had been working with an effect of extraordinary rapidity. In the course of the last ten months, she and Sarah had often spoken of the possibility that this occasion might arise, and had made certain plans to anticipate the event. But the thing had never been quite real to her, never been anything more than another of those fantastic, unconvincing schemes of her husband's, that so seldom worked out as he expected; so seldom seemed at all likely so to work out. She could never believe that any plan of his would be successful.

Pity had been her dominant emotion when he had so eagerly, and, as she believed, so futilely, made the suggestion to her before the trial. Now

that he had come to final ruin, she felt that she must do everything in her power to comfort him. It had been as if she were sitting by his death-bed, unable to refuse him anything. Afterwards she had been bound by her promise, and by a sense of horror at the thought that if, by one chance in ten thousand, he did succeed in escaping, he should find that she had failed him. And he had been right in two particulars: his five years' sentence and his ultimate place of confinement.

Moreover, the moment she had heard those guns, a feeling of certainty had come to her; the fantastic plan had suddenly taken shape as a somewhat terrifying reality; and her mind for the first time had begun automatically to employ itself with a host of practical details. She glanced at the clock, and noted that three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since they had heard the signal announcing the escape of a prisoner; time enough—even if his escape had been announced at once—for him to have covered those four miles.

"I suppose, Ma'am, I'd better-" Sarah began again, and broke off suddenly, arrested by a sound that came to them from the next room, the sound of heavy feet on the floor, followed immediately by the thud of a smartly-closed sash window.

Mrs. Trevarrian put her hand to her side, and leaned against the jamb of the window. Now that he was, without doubt, actually in the house, the final absurdity of the plan revealed itself to her in a flash of realisation. What possible chance had she of concealing his identity should the prison officials come to search the cottage? absurdly bad actor. She remembered vividly his appearance as the comic housemaid in that play they had got up. She had thought then that he had had no sense of the part: and what would he make of it when called to play it again for so high a stake? He had neither the ability nor the nerve to carry the thing through.

"You'd better go into the kitchen, Sarah," she said. She wanted no witness, not even this dear, faithful Sarah, to her first re-meeting with her husband. That deep sense of pity she had suffered two years earlier had given place momentarily to a feeling of irritation. Why should she have this awful complicity in his escape thrust upon her? For presumably she would be liable to prosecution for harbouring and abetting him. And she did not feel equal to the task. If the cottage should be searched, she would break down. Even now, her heart was beating as if it would suffocate her.

As Sarah left the room, Mrs. Trevarrian collapsed into a chair. She ought, she knew, to go to her husband and help him to disguise himself. He was sure to have made a mess of it without her. She had had to do everything for him when he had played the part in those theatricals. But she had not the strength to rise from her chair. She felt utterly limp and helpless. She was terribly afraid that she was going to faint. At any cost, she must relax for a few minutes. If he called her, she would go to him. That terrifying palpitation of her heart had died down and the sense

of weakness was passing, when she was roused by a light tap at the door. "Yes, yes; come in," she called to him. It was so like him, she reflected, to play the fool at a desperate crisis like this. But the reflection helped to brace her. Everything now depended upon her, and she dare not fail him.

The door opened and a figure in cap and apron came into the room with an effect of shy hesitation—a figure that most convincingly looked the part of a housemaid. As a disguise it was certainly admirable, but the man who wore it was surely not her husband. She rose to her feet with an exclamation of surprise. "What's this? Who are you?" she asked. Just for the moment the absurd fancy came to her mind that nearly two years of prison had altered him out of all recognition.

"I'll explain, Ma'am, direc'ly," the stranger replied. "It's quite all right, quite all right. But first—you'll excuse me, Ma'am, but we got to be quick over this job—'ave you by any chance a bit o' make-up for me eyebrows and eyelashes, to darken 'em, you know? If you 'aven't, I'll have to do me best with a bit o' burnt cork.'

"Yes, I have a box of theatrical make-up upstairs," she said, "and a stick of kohl; but-

"If you wouldn't mind gettin' it quick, Ma'am," the convict returned. "You see, I'm that fair, and with this dark wig an' all—to say nothin' of the chance o' being reckernised."

It was true that he was very fair-haired and fair-skinned, and his face looked as smooth as a woman's: excellent recommendations for carrying off that disguise, once an adjustment had been made between the blonde eyebrows and the brunette wig.

"But," she began again, and then left the room quickly and ran upstairs to fetch the kohl pencil. She must decide later what she was going to do in face of this new problem. For the moment the little man's effect of tremendous urgency and haste was irresistible. Her husband, too, was rather a little man, but there all physical likeness between the two ceased. And already she suspected that this stranger had some of the abilities her husband so obviously lacked.

That suspicion was further confirmed as she watched him, two minutes later, deftly and rapidly darkening his eyebrows and eyelashes before the pier-glass in the sitting-room. He had slender, clever fingers, and all his movements were swift, effective, certain. When he had satisfied himself, he stooped down, slipped the kohl pencil behind the register of the chimney with a muttered "Mustn't leave it where they'd find it, but we may want it again"; and then, lifting his skirt, carefully wiped his fingers on his petticoat.

"And now perhaps you will be kind enough to explain," Mrs. Trevarrian said.

" Yes, Ma'am. If you will just sit down, and I'll stand inside the door, like as if you'd rung for somethin'. Never know that they mayn't come peerin' in at the winders, you know. Best to be prepared in any case."



THE SEAT OF WISDOM.

AFTER THE PICTURE, "SEDES SAPIENTIAE," BY MARK SYMONS.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE DUET.

AFTER THE PAINTING, BY J. FINNEMORE, R.I



THE BALLOON MAN.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY ERNEST TOWNSEND. (REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, B. L. BOWLING, ESOJ



The change that had been made in his appearance and expression by the use of the kohl was astonishing. The pale eyebrows and eyelashes that had been almost invisible had now become a distinctive feature, and he looked not only like a housemaid, but like a distinctly pretty one. Moreover, as he stood meekly by the door, telling his story, he showed a truly remarkable sense of the part he was playing—a part

so strangely in contrast to his spoken words.
"But fust, about the things I took off, Ma'am," he began.

"That's all right," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "Sarah . . ."

"Oh, yes; I've 'eard about 'er," he put in.

"I heard her go in and fetch them," Mrs. Trevarrian continued. "She's going to burn the clothes and bury the shoes in the garden. We-we'd made all our plans."

He nodded, paused a moment as if he rapidly considered any other precautions that ought to have been foreseen, and then continued: "Now, about Mr. Conynghame, yer 'usband, Ma'am——'"

"I'm known here as Mrs. Trevarrian," she interposed quickly.

"Oh, Mrs. Trevarrian," he
repeated. "E never tole me

that. Mrs. Trevarrian! Yes, I got that. Well, about yer 'usband, Ma'am, the truth is 'e turned pious, if you know what I mean. Got in with the chaplain and all that. Jus' recently, that's to say. was before that as he put me up to all 'is plans. We gets ways o' talkin' to one another, y' know; and some o' the warders ain't too pertickler if you got good chara'ters like 'im and me had; an' one time an' another he blew me the 'ole bunk. Talked o' my comin' with 'im if we struck it lucky, tho' I knew that 'd be no go. 'Owever, after he turned pi' he gave me the auction as it was all orf so far as 'e was concerned, and said as I might try it sometime on me own if I got a lucky charnce; an' 'ere I am, Ma'am, with a fair 'ope o' puttin' the job through, if you don't go back on me.'

Yet that, she realised, was what she ought to do. She had made no promises to this man, and why should she incriminate herself by aiding his escape. But she was temperamentally incapable of taking the side of the strong against the weak. Had she not married Philip against the wishes of his family and her own, with some sentimental idea of protecting him? And had she not done her best to stand by him during all those ten miserable years?

"But do you think you could carry it off, if they came to look for you?" she asked.

"Trust me, Ma'am," he replied eagerly. "I was in service myself, first go off, as boy in a big 'ouse. S' long as you don't go back on me.

"Very well," she agreed.

"But I must explain to Sarah. You see, she will be expecting Mr .my husband."

She was interrupted by a sharp but almost inaudible "Tst!" from the figure by the door, followed by a whisper of: "'Ere they come. Soon 's they ring, I'll go an' let 'em in." Then raising his voice he went on: "Sarah says would you like 'er to do you a bit of toast with yer tea, Ma'am?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Trevarrian became aware of a passing shadow that momentarily darkened the sitting-room window, followed almost instantly by a rough, almost brutal knock at the front door. Her heart was beginning to thud again, but she made a great effort to control her nerves. The escaped convict had already left the sitting-room. Indeed, almost in the same moment, as it seemed to her, she heard his voice in the little passage-hall.

You 'aven't caught them then? Well, all I can say is I 'ope you will. I dassent sleep up 'ere to-night if you don't; out on the moor, with on'y us three women in the place. Must 'a been pretty careless, some o' you, if you ask me, to let 'em go. 'Ow many was there got away?''

The answer was given in a gruff bass voice. "You mind your own business, my girl. Who lives here?"

And then: "Well, I like that! Mind my own business indeed!

An' whose business will it be if I 'm my derect in my bod. I'd like the

An' whose business will it be if I'm murdered in my bed, I'd like to

know? I come from London, I do, and I 'm fed up with this place a'ready." What a nerve the man had! Mrs. Trevarrian reflected. But, of course, he was right. The least appearance of shrinking from observation might attract suspicion. But she had her own part to play. She must support him, accept the cue he had so plainly offered. It would not be so difficult. She felt braced by the man's courage. She went out into the passage and: "That will do, Emma," she said curtly. "You can go to the kitchen." And then to the two warders, who stood gun in hand at the entrance, she said: "I can guess, of course, why you are here. You can come in. But we haven't seen anyone."

"Emma," with a toss of her head and an effect of threatening rebellion later, took herself off.

A matter of form, Ma'am," said the elder of the two warders, re-We don't, of course, suspect you of harbouring the moving his cap. escaped convict."

"There was only one, then?" Mrs. Trevarrian put in, with a thought to that suggestion she had overheard. How was she to know that only

one convict had escaped? The warder hesitated a moment before he said: "There was only one got away, Ma'am."

"And you want to search the premises?"

Just in case he's hiding here without your knowledge, Ma'am. It's been done before.

And, indeed, the rapid search was almost perfunctory, although Mrs. Trevarrian's nerve trembled again as they entered the little room on the ground floor in which the convict had changed his clothes. Suppose Sarah had overlooked something? But the room was in perfect order, the window closed and fastened; no sign of footmarks on the carpet.
"My maid's room," she

explained.

And is this all?" the warder enquired.

"Except the kitchen," she

"And the outhouses?"

"There's a coal-shed and a garage outside," she told

In the kitchen, Sarah was bending over the fire making toast, and "Emma," sitting with her back to the window, was engaged, and apparently very skilfully engaged, with a piece of Sarah's knitting. She rose with an effect of slightly rebellious reluctance as the search-party entered, but continued to knit. The two warders glanced carelessly warders glanced round the little kitchen, but the regard of the younger one dwelt for a moment upon "Emma": suspiciously, Mrs. Trevarrian thought, until she recognised, with a thrill half of admiration and half of amusement, that "Emma" was actually having the effrontery to "make eyes" at him.
"An' im a married man

with two children," was his soft comment as the two big men passed out through the scullery to examine the out-houses. He seemed positively to be enjoying himself. His eyes were shining, and his mouth curved into a grin of almost childlike glee.

They did not have to speak to the warders again, though they saw them through the kitchen windows cross the garden at a trot and turn in the direction of the village. The fog had all gone now, and the sun was shining in a clear sky.

"Seems as if they're in a bit of an 'urry," "Emma" remarked. "Well, good luck to 'em! An' now, Ma'am, question is what to do next? The way I been lookin' at it is this: either I got to stay with you for a month till me 'air grows, and I get off quiet in the car, disguised as a gentleman, or else I got to do a bunk as quick as I can dressed up as Emma. Once I get to London, I'm all right. I got friends there as 'll 'elp me. The point is, whether I can risk the train journey, supposin' you was to drive me to the station and see me off?'

Sarah, with a very dour expression, was standing by the range, looking at her mistress as if waiting to be addressed, and it was to her that Mrs. Trevarrian spoke first.

What do you think, Sarah?" she asked.

"We couldn't keep him here a month, Ma'am," she replied promptly.



She watched him, two minutes later, deftly and rapidly darkening his eyebrows and eyelashes before the pier-glass in the sitting room.

"Sarah's got the spike with me for spoilin' 'er knittin'," "Emma" I on'v knows one stitch as me aunt taught me when I commented. was a nipper, but I can do that to beat the band."

Sarah did not deign to reply to that. "And what's happened to the master, Ma'am?" she continued. "Suppose he was to come, after all?" "It's seems that there's no chance of that," Mrs. Trevarrian said.

"He has decided to give up any attempt to escape."
"Well, you've only his word for that, Ma'am," Sarah replied, with a brief nod of contempt in the direction of "Emma."

That was true, Mrs. Trevarrian reflected, but "Emma" gave her no time to think about it. "Sarah's right, as usual," he put in quickly. "Wouldn't never do for me to stop 'ere a month. So the best thing is fer me to get away soon as possible. They'd be less suspicious of me dressed as Emma, this evenin', than they would be after they'd 'ad a bit o' time to think about it. Been a bit too saucy, I 'ave, see?

An' got the sack double-quick. My little bit in the 'all jus' now led up to that all right. Next point is what about a few outdoor things; better not be too cheeky, or I shall 'ave the porters makin' love to me, and this journey I'd like to keep meself to meself like. An' by rights, I ought to 'ave a trunk o' some sort. Now what about trains?"

It appeared that there was a train for Plymouth that left Yelverton at 6.46, which would give them more than an hour to make all the necessary preparations and get to the station in Mrs. Trevarrian's little car.

III.

It was a lovely evening. The cold wind from the north had died away, and the air was warm and fragrant with the scent of gorse. Mrs. Trevarrian, driving back alone from Yelverton station, drew up as she topped the rise and looked out across the broad swell of the moor with a little sigh of regret.

The comedy of Emma's departure had been played without a hitch. The station had been "watched" only by a couple of local policemen, who had permitted them to pass with hardly a glance, though "Emma," with the cool effrontery that had distinguished her

conduct throughout, had very noticeably looked at them. "It's skulkin' and lookin' as it you was tryin' to 'ide yerself as draws attention to he had confided to Mrs. Trevarrian in the course of their short wait on the station. "Look 'em in the heye, and they never suspect you. Is me 'at on straight, Ma'am?"

It was not on his account that Mrs. Trevarrian had sighed. She had little doubt that he would make good his escape, and she could not help feeling glad in the knowledge of his freedom, even though her conscience was already reproaching her for the part she had played in helping him. For the more she reflected on the incidents and conversation of the past two hours, the more convinced she felt that, cool and clever though the man undoubtedly was, he was also a dangerous criminal, a man who would stick at nothing if he were thwarted. And yet she had, as it were, turned him loose on the world, in all probability to pursue his career of crime. No, she saw very clearly now that she ought not to have done it.

But her sigh had been less due to self-reproach than to self-pity. Alone there in the golden sunshine of that lovely moor, she was all too painfully aware that life held for her little promise of happiness. That hint she had received of her husband's newly found piety had not served to reassure her. When he learned that her aunt, whose name, among others, he had forged to a cheque, had died and most forgivingly left her a small fortune, he would cast his newly found piety to the winds. He was a gambler by nature, and an unlucky gambler-possibly because he had not the ability to gamble sanely-and, unless she obtained a legal separation from him, he would run through her money in a twelvemonth. And that she would not do. It had become a religion to her to stand by him whatever happened. She neither respected nor loved him. but she believed it to be her duty to do all that was humanly possible to save him from himself.

With an even deeper sigh, she let in the clutch and continued her way

home, forgetful now even of the beauty of the evening. On her way through the village she saw Mrs. Holmleigh coming out of the Vicarage, and stopped the car. She had been rather rude to Mrs. Holmleigh that afternoon, and owed her an apology.

And Mrs. Holmleigh, on her side, with all that recent aspersion of Mrs. Trevarrian's sanity behind her, confronted now with this quiet, wellmannered apology coming from a woman whom she very grudgingly admitted was better bred than herself, suffered a painful twinge of conscience.

"Oh! really, no! I quite understood," she said effusively. "It must be terribly trying to the nerves living all alone up there on the moor, and with that fog, and the signal of the convict's escape, and all. No, really, I can quite understand." She lowered her voice, and rested her hand on the side of the car as she added: "And such a dreadful man to be loose, too. I suppose you've heard?'

'No-I-I've heard nothing," Mrs. Trevarrian said, with a sudden catch in her breath. Mrs. Holmleigh attributed it to fear, and sought

thrillingly to accentuate it as she continued: "It was the Vicar who got the news first, and I 'm sure I don't know if I 've really the right to pass it on, though I suppose all the world will know to-morrow morning—but the ghastly fact is that two men tried to get away in the fog, and one of them "-she paused dramaticallyactually murdered the other! Isn't it altogether too horrible to think of? And so purposeless, apparently. There doesn't seem to have been any reason for it. Smashed in his head with a stone! Sheer brutality, as far as one can see. And they say, too, that the man who was killed had been a gentleman once-quite good family-but he got five years' penal servitude for forgery. A married man, too. Well, I don't want

escape for his poor wife, whoever she may be. . . There certainly must have been something very queer about Mrs. Trevarrian. She started the car so quickly and unexpectedly that poor Mrs. Holmleigh was nearly knocked down.

to be cynical, my dear, but it does look rather as if it must be a lucky

THE END.



'I can guess, of course, why you are here. You can come in. But we haven't seen anyone."



"Look 'em in the heye, and they never suspect you. Is me 'at on straight, Ma'am?"



"OUR ANCIENT WORD OF COURAGE, FAIR ST. GEORGE": THE PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND.

REPRODUCTION IN COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY GEORGES SCOTT.



THE TOAST OF THE TOWN.

REPRODUCTION IN COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE FROM THE PICTURE BY GORDON NICOLL.

"Gifts to Persons of Caste":

ALMANACS OF YESTERYEAR.

By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Author of "Horace Walpole" (English Men of Letters),
"The Boy Through the Ages," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EXAMPLES FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF M. HENRI LAVEDAN,



Such a bagpipe and such a fiddle as the shepherds of Boucher loved to play upon.

LOOKING at a calendar or a news-paper of yesteryear, most of us have felt a queer, unreasoning sense that time's march has been inexplicably stayed, and that some-where, somehow, the sun of that long-spent day is shining still. The gradual diffusion of the Theory of Relativity cannot be responsible for this illusion; it was known or ever the Theory was known, and it is familiar to many persons, like myself, whose mathematical bump would be more accurately described as a depression. While under the spell we are convinced that the Gentlemanly Youth who Such a bagpipe and such a fiddle as the shepherds of Boucher loved to play upon.

Such a bagpipe and such a hundred years ago for employment in the shop of a Christian Linen-Draper is at this moment hopefully expectant of an answer; that the East Indiaman whose circulated one day in 1808 is even

arrival off Plymouth was signalled one day in 1828 is even



Nothing could be more unlike a Phrygian cap.

It is a little difficult to realise that printers were printing, and book-sellers were selling, and their patrons sellers were selling, and their patrons were buying, almanacs for 1793 adorned with rose-and-azure plates representing ladies who certainly do not look as if they had ever been addressed as "Citoyenne," and gentlemen who would surely draw upon any stranger who ventured to hail them with a fraternal tutoiement. These distinctly undemocratic trifles were intended, as the title of one of them informs us, as New Year gifts to Persons of Taste. In the Age of Reason scant heed was paid to Christmas by the compatriots of Voltaire and Rousseau, but since the exchange of gifts was agreeable, and since years continued to begin, the custom of sending etrennes had not fallen into disuse. not fallen into disuse

The first days of the year 1793 are passing as we turn over these faded, faintly-coloured leaves. We cease to turn them when we reach January 21. Far off we hear the harsh rattle of a two-wheeled cart over the uneven cobbles of the Place de la Rayalution: they are the de la Révolution: they are the wheels of the tumbril bearing Citoyen Capet to his doom.



Ladies who certainly do not look as if they had ever been addressed as "Citoyenne.

now furling her high-piled sails within sight of the Hoe. The effects of this illusion are particularly curious when we contemplate those delicious Parisian almanacs of the eighteenth century, of which M. Lavedan, the well-known French writer, has recently dispersed his collection. Between the ornate covers of these diminutive volumes, among faintly tinted plates and amorous or risky little songs, are ranged the days and weeks that went to form the most pregnant and terrible years in the history of France. One tiny book-cover has a trophy of musical instruments wrought in coloured straw on its two inches of pale ivory—such a bagpipe and such a fiddle as the shepherds of Boucher loved to play upon, such a drum as beat the signal for the assault on the Bastille. When this pretty toy greeted some brocaded beauty on the first day of 1767, Louis XV. still reigned, and the pipes and fiddles were still waking the sophisticated echoes of neatly-shorn groves. It is otherwise with its neighbour. Nothing could be more unlike a Phrygian cap than the vast hat perched precariously on the head of this excited lady. Yet when she and her swain kept that tryst in the Temple of Love it was two years since the Bastille had fallen and the Rights of Man had been declared. They reck nothing of those matters, he and she, as they sing a flippant little song to the tune of Dans cette aimable solitude. They reck nothing of those matters, he and she, as they sing a flippant little song to the tune of *Dans cette aimable solitude*. Sureiy all the clipped groves had not been laid low, nor all the pompous fountains sealed, when a *solitude* might still be called aimable in France. aimable in France

aimable in France!

If we let the illusion of static time take hold upon us as we turn over these almanacs of yesteryear, we shall find ourselves among the spectators of the most elegant comedy ever acted in a theatre on fire. Perhaps we have been too apt to think of the French Revolution as all-pervasive, as colouring and conditioning every aspect of human activity in France.



The most elegant "comedy" ever



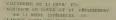
"LES PLAISIES DE LA VILLE ET DE LA

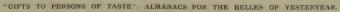
*ALMANGER DUPPHIN T-52.

*CALLANDRIER DE LA COUR, 15-4.

*CALL

"GIFTS TO PERSONS OF TASTE": ALMANACS FOR THE BELLES OF YESTERYEAR.







"CALENDRIER DE LA COUR," 1186.

"ALMANACH DE NORMANDIE, 1787.

"LE TRÉSOR DES ALMANACIES" DOS WITH ARMS OF MADIE ANTONOMIES DE CALCUTE. DES OVERTIL ARMS OF MADIE ANTONOMIES AS DOUBLINES. CALESCHRIER DE LA COUR. "DOS ONTH COAT OF ARMS."
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"CALESCHRIER DE LA COUR. "DOS ONTH COAT OF ARMS."
"CALESCHRIER DE LA COUR." DOS ONTH COAT OF ARMS."

Illustrated from examples formerly in the collection of M. Henri Lavedan.



WHITE HORSES.

by

KATHERINE HORTIN.



Illustrated by G. MOSSA.



Kashmir there is still a strange tale told. Handed down from generation to generation, it has never been forgotten: a romantic legend of the wild and inaccessible mountain ranges that surround the fertile valleys and verdant pastures of this most lovely land. It is sung in lyrics from East to West,

beside the waters of the Indus and the Chunaub, by the lakes with their floating islands, and under the deodars on the low hill slopes. It has become history in woven pictures bordering the delicate shawls of goats' wool whose deft and subtle spinning has made the Kashmiri people famous. It is a tale of love and enchantment.

This is the story of the Wild White Horses of Karakoram,

Three centuries before Akbar, Emperor of Hindustan, subdued and conquered the land of Kashmir, there ruled in the eastern plains of Meraje, King Shewa, a prince of the Zagathy tribe. Fierce and cruel blood, heritage of his Tartar race, ran in his veins, and he was feared throughout his small dominion. One vulnerable spot in his savage heart he had, his love for his only wife, Daryea. For her he had forsaken all other women. For her he had renounced his religion. On the God of his fathers and on Mahommed the Prophet he had turned his back, and, embracing the ancient faith of India, worshipped Brahma with his gentle spouse.

And there was great rejoicing in the palace on the night Daryea gave birth to his child, a daughter. Even his chagrin at her sex was forgotten in his great love. From every lattice streamed a gold light piercing the purple dusk with shafts of flame, and from the shadows came the ceaseless beat of drums. She lay like a magnolia blossom in her great carved bed, cheeks of ivory and smoothed-down ebon hair, starry eyes wide open, shy and happy, like the velvet-soft brown eyes of a gazelle.

Searching and puzzled their gaze grew, as the dews of death, undreamt of, gathered on her brow. The fringed lids drooped, and in the palace, one by one, the lights went out. . . . King Shewa, stricken and despairing, lay like one dead across her little feet. Old Saio, the nurse, so old no man could count her years, sat in the shadow of

the chimney breast, her head covered, crooning a dreadful song; and on a crimson cushion, warm in the glow of the blazing pine logs, lay Shamil, the innocent assassin. And into the King's heart there surged a great anger, and the blood rose into his head like a red, blinding cloud, and made him mad. Old Saio looked up suddenly out of the folds of her yellow sari, and saw the King's hand pressed down upon the baby's mouth. Crying out, she clutched at his arm with her shaking, skinny claw, but the King's hand pressed more heavily. She saw the murderous hatred in his eyes, and had not strength to stay it. Now Saio was skilled in the sorcery of Zoroaster and the Magi, and by her religion forbidden to exercise her gifts for personal advantage or for private concerns: She knew her power, and her old brain worked swiftly in the crisis.

"Nay, my lord," she said softly, "it is written that this child shall be thy talisman. Cherish her, and thy-kingdom shall flourish; slay her, and thy fortunes shall crumble into dust and thine own life pay forfeit. I pray thee, for thine own sake, spare her."

pay forfeit. I pray thee, for thine own sake, spare her."
Saio spoke wildly out of love, and not from knowledge, hoping in her terror that the King's madness would blind him to the lie. And King Shewa feared the prophecy of Saio and the red cloud passed, and the blood flowed back into his heart, and he took away his hand.

Shamil grew up a prisoner in the palace, so greatly did the King fear to lose her, and the old nurse wondered often whether she had done well or ill. For in Shamil's veins, too, ran the wild Tartar blood, and there were days when the damask of her soft cheeks faded, and the garland of jasmine round her head was not whiter than her young mouth. King Shewa caused a great wall to be built around the palace gardens so that none could steal his treasure. And Shamil played on the green lawns with her women, and strewed rice before the white peacocks in the tamarind groves, and lay in a languid reverie on the green pool's brink and watched the goldfish glide, and decked her hair with wreaths of marigolds: In the night she leaned lonely from her balcony and stared across the plains far out into the starry Indian night, and smelled the aromatic spicy scents of the forest trees, and sighed. For in her heart was a great sadness and a great longing. Sometimes

she stayed there all the night, awaiting—why, she knew not—the sudden stillness that precedes the dawn; and when the sharp breath of morning wilted the môgra blossoms, and their fragrance grew faint and died in the beams of the rising sun, she crept to her cushions on the floor and drew the silken cover close round her shivering body and grew warm again in its soft lining of snow-leopard's fur.

There came a night when her melancholy grew till it became a thick grey cloud of demons pressing icy fingers on her brain, and she beat her head against the floor, and taking off her little slipper she struck the face of the gilded Brahma that stood in a consecrated shrine upon the wall. And then a strange thing happened, for the image swung

side stood a slave, both hands upon the silver bolts. Shamil could not move her eyes from the doors, but stood gazing like one entranced. Suddenly there was a knocking on the doors, and the slaves threw back the bolts to their sockets, and flung them open to the night.

And up the marble steps there rode a youth on a great white horse, and stood still on the threshold of the hall. His smooth, thin, oval face was like the face of Krishna, radiant and tranquil, and on his forehead from his scarlet puggri hung an emerald flashing back the light. His slender body, poised like a god, was clad in a tight coat of golden sarcenet which spread on the stallion's flanks like sheets of living flame. His boots were of green-dyed goat-skin, and on his heels



And up the marble steps there rode a youth on a great white horse, and stood still on the threshold of the hall.

outwards like a door upon a hinge, and in the thickness of the wall behind it there was a latticed window. Shamil stretched out her hand and opened it, amazed and trembling, and looked out upon the vast hall below. The hall was set for a feast, and the King sat on his throne close beneath her, his back turned, and a crowd of flashing, gorgeous figures walked and spoke together. Song and laughter echoed high among the marble pillars, and the soft, sweet, plaintive sounds of stringed instruments. The fumes of wine rose from sharabdans of crystal on the floor cet among trays of rich foods and dishes of fresh fruits. And the music and the smell of the wine made her heart beat, and a great excitement and delirium seized her like a drug, and she waited breathless for some incredible experience. Across the hall, facing her, towered the immense outer doors of carved cedarwood, their arches lost in the gloom of the vaulted ceiling. On either

were golden spurs all damascened and set with jewelled rowels. On his side a scimitar sheathed in amber velvet hung from a wide belt of leather fastened about his waist with clasps of pearl, and round his neck was a garland of fresh flowers. On the proud head of the great white horse was a scarlet bridle, and between his ears a flying plume from the black heron's wing. Thus came Prince Mirpur to the Court of Meraje.

And Shamil, spellbound, watched from her window this splendid vision in the door. Arrogant and aloof he sat there, behind him the spangled indigo night speared with dark cypress, on either side the glossy luminous leaves of laurel and of myrtle trees. And the music of the vinas smote on Shamil's heart like the music of Paradise, and the players' fingers seemed to pluck the strings through her beating heart.



Saio traced the circles one by one . . . Shamil's turn came last.

And Mirpur looked up and met her eyes. In that moment time was not, nor the noisy clamour of the revelling guests, but in some breathless, silent place their two souls met and clung. For love in the East is not like Western love, but a swift, searing fire. He got down slowly from his horse and came to kneel before the King. She closed the little window fast and sank down upon the floor.

When morning came, Shamil called Saio and questioned her. "Who is this Prince?" she asked.

And Saio, trembling, unwillingly replied, "Lady, 'tis Prince Mirpur of Kamraje in the western plains; I pray thee think no more of him."

Shamil laughed, and her laughter was like the sound of a silver flute, and in her eyes a great light shone, and her mouth was like a thread of scarlet silk. "Thou shalt bring him here to-night, Saio," she said. But Saio fell at her feet, imploring, and Shamil had no courage to risk the life of her old nurse, and she sat still awhile, deep in thought. When the night fell she said, "Bring me a litter to the Western Gate; I go to Kamraje, and will be back before the dawn." And Saio answered: "Lady, no slaves could carry thee there and back by dawn."

And Shamil said, "Could a swift horse race there and be back

And Shamil said, "Could a swift horse race there and be back by morning?" And Saio answered, "Yes."

"Then," said Shamil, "find me a swift horse." And the old nurse cried and said, "Lady, I dare not! Oh, my dear one, think out some other way." And Shamil said, "There is another way, old woman, and thou shalt find it; fetch thy books." And Saio, terrified, understood, but her love was too great for a denial. "At least thou wilt not go alone," she begged. "Thou wilt be lost on this vast, trackless plain." "My women shall go with me," answered Shamil. "Bring thy books."

Through the darkened palace they crept, across the moonlit lawns to the door in the western wall. And Saio, breaking her Magian oath, put on her black robe and took her wand and round each woman in turn she drew the seven circles in the dust, and traced within them the triangle, and with her books invoked the seven spirits.

And presently in the centre of each circle stood only a superb white mare. Saio unlatched the gate. . . .

Shamil took her first draught of freedom. She flung up her head to the starry sky and smelled the spicy breeze. She shook the mane wildly out of her eyes, and every muscle in her strong body quivered and grew tense . . . and then with a whinny of delight she plunged into the night. the four mares galloped close beside touching her as they raced . Stretched to a mad pace, such a fierce rapture Shamil had never known. She had no need of guide; her heart lit the way. Straight to the west they sped like phantoms through the valley made drumming music on the closecropped turf, all spread with gossamers of spangled dew. Into the cedar forests, dark with mystery, they galloped, and shook the warm rain-drops from the low branches as they flew, and stooped their heads to drink at pools starred with white lotus blooms.

With the first beams of morning came the icy breath of the glaciers far away, and the sun lit on the turrets of Mirpur's palace like a beckoning beacon fire. Then they checked their mad career and crept along the river's edge all gemmed with flowers, and wondered at the beauty of it all. In Shamil's heart a bird sang, half-crazy with the sweet frondescence of the spring. Through the rice and hemp fields they sought their way, and through the rich soil where the saffron grew, and came to the balustrade of alabaster which sheltered Mirpur's garden from the winds.

In the midst of the garden was the miraculous fountain of which the Kashmiri sing, and round its blue cascades grew lilac and azalea shrubs, and oleanders with their lance-shaped leaves and rosy flowers, and over it spread boughs heavy with rich-coloured fruits—medlar, and apricot, and golden citron globes. Under an acacia-tree lay Mirpur fast asleep. Shamil gazed

on him in adoration. And as she looked, feasting her eyes, he woke. As he woke, the sun rose, gilding the blossoming garden where he lay, and a sudden terror seized on Shamil, for the night had gone, and she still at Kamraje, her pledge to Saio broken.

She turned and plunged, and shot into the air like a swift arrow loosed, and back to the east they sped, not drawing breath, or resting, or sparing time to drink from the rivers as they raced. When they reached Meraje in the noonday heat they found old Saio sitting sorrowful beside the western gate, and a great wailing came from the palace walls. King Shewa, when he found his treasure gone, had died from fear. Even as he raised his hand to slay the nurse, he fell in a frenzy at her feet.

Saio traced the circles one by one . . . Shamil's turn came last. Before the old woman spoke the incantation death clutched her as she stood, her wand uplifted in her shaking hand. Quickly through the gate fled four women. One white mare stood outside alone—and Shamil, forsaken and enchanted, went slowly back to Kamraje, a great joy in her heart. She rested her lovely head on the balustrade of Mirpur's garden, and whinnied to him. He put his arms about her and put a bridle over her ears and led her to the palace and shut her in a stall, and she was a prisoner once again. . . .

A great longing for freedom seized her. She dreamed of the cedar forests in the balmy night, the still, deep pools, and the breeze-swept plains. The warm smell of the brown earth in the saffron fields called her . . . and more than all she dreamed of the snowy crests of the mountain ranges to the north, the glaciers on their steep ridges; she heard the soft splashing of the blue cascades as they fell. . . . And she broke her head-stall and kicked down the door and fled. . . . Through the long hours of the opalescent night she roamed alone, drunk with her freedom, cropping the sweet herbage of the plains, and drinking long draughts from icy waters where they fell into the pools.

But when the dawn came her love for Mirpur grew strong, and she stood outside his lattice till he woke. He looked out and saw Shamil's eyes. He led her to the fountain in his garden, and forced her backwards till the waters broke about her neck and surged in her ears like roaring drums. The miraculous baptism gave her back her body. He clasped her all dripping in his arms and wrapped his coat about her and sat her on his horse and rode with her to Meraje.

And Shamil ruled in Meraje with Prince Mirpur at her side, and the two kingdoms were joined into one. He grew a mighty ruler on the plains, and in his heart was a desire for more power. All the hours of his days and nights were given to grave matters and to scheming, and Shamil stood again on her balcony, alone . . . a prisoner. She dreamed of the mountains, and their allure drew her as a magnet draws steel. She crept to the rooms of old dead Saio, and unlocked the clasps of the Magian books, and read . . and learned the rites. Then at the western gate she drew the seven circles on the ground . . . in her eyes the sadness of a long farewell. . . .

in her eyes the sadness of a long farewell. . . .

Prince Mirpur, stricken and desolate, cursed in his heart his foolish greed and sacrifice of love for gain. And his longing drew her back; but for all his prayers he could not entice her through the

little door. . . . He put his arms about her neck and twined his fingers in her mane and strove with her. And when he had her fast she threw her head into the air and fled, he hanging to her side, and would not loose her. She carried him all through the night to Kamraje and plunged him in the fountain, and with her teeth and fore-feet she held him in the miraculous waters and invoked the seven spirits. . . . And Mirpur changed his form, and his body was the body of a great white horse.

So runs the legend of the wild white horses that live and breed upon the mountain ranges of Karakoram. In the winter, before the melting of the snows and before the glaciers break, they bring their foals down to the valleys in the night, and graze the pastures there. They have been seen by very few, for they are shy and do not love the ways of men. They do no damage to the growing crops, for their tracks skirt always the margins of the rice and hemp and saffron fields. They do not stray one hair's-breadth from the paths.



He put his arms about her neck and twined his fingers in her mane and strove with her.





Two men regarding him with downbent looks and folded arms: two masked men in cloaks.

A PROMENADE IN THE COLISEUM.

By GEORGE PREEDY, Author of "General Crack."

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL.

"Happy art Thou whom God do's Bless
With the Full Choice of thine own Happiness,
And Happier yet, if thou art Blest
With Prudence how to chuse the Best."—ABRAHAM COWLEY.



ERR STOPPELMANN had come to Italy to study gardening and see what choice rarities he might bring back with him to adorn the parterres of the German Prince who employed him. Herr Stoppelmann was a very learned pedant, and knew more about horticulture than any wise man would seek to know about any-

thing. He had been sent to Rome by a fellow enthusiast, who told him to search among the ruins of the Coliseum and the Forum for a certain bell-shaped flower of a curious greenish, milky hue, something of the species of a Brumal jacinth, the bulbs of which were very difficult to obtain, but which, when once planted in a rich, loamy soil, covered in the winter with dry straw or peasehame, would, in the spring, bloom into a plant that would grace any royal garden.

Herr Stoppelmann had stayed several days in Rome, and searched the ruins, but had found no trace of any but common weeds. It was not a good season of the year for such as shared Herr Stoppelmann's enthusiasm, for the farewell frosts and nipping winds were prejudicing the choicest flowers and spotting them with freckles; and the alternating of these yet continuing frosts and sharp breezes with the sudden, quick, piercing heat of the sun, scorched and destroyed those delicate flowers which Herr Stoppelmann had come expressly to Italy to see expanding their loveliness under the native azure of their translucent skies.

Now it happened that someone on whose opinion he did not very much rely-and yet who had spoken with a certain conviction-had told Herr Stoppelmann to promenade the Coliseum by moonlight, and then he would very likely see his Brumal jacinth growing by this silvery light of the night, and coloured, not white (said his informant), but purple or crimson, and of a far fairer and more exquisite beauty than its milky pale fellow; and therefore, on this keen evening of early Italian spring, which would in any other country have yet been winter, Herr Stoppelmann, soberly dressed in his russet and black, and with a number of his inseparable books in a strap tucked under his arm, walked round the ruins of the Coliseum-which, black as it was against the pale, moon-filled sky, almost frightened him by the immensity of its shape and the grandeur of its design. It dwarfed to a pitiful insignificance all buildings he had ever seen or ever imagined, and made him, for the first time in his life, wonder if his particular duty and passion of horticulture was of that pre-eminent importance which he had hitherto considered it to be.

"If I had not been a florist," he mused, sitting on one of the large fallen stones and gazing round the arena, "I would have liked to be an

He did not see his pursued flower growing in the crevices of any of the fallen ruins, nor adorning the mighty walls which yet rose undefiled, undefaced by time. He saw silvery, silky weeds and brambles and pallid daisies, nipped by the frost, black and grey hellebore, wicked, poisonous plants; and here and there a scattering of white violets, where the stones overlapped one another, and had formed, by their shelter, a damp, mossy spot: all these Herr Stoppelmann perceived through the pale, misty light of the frosty moonshine, but he found no Brumal jacinth nor any plant which resembled that coveted rarity

So he was sitting now, fatigued, and presently took out his books and unstrapped them, and by this same moonlight began to read one of them-" Kalendarium Hortense"-which was a classic English book on gardening which he, in his leisure, was translating into German; and he opened it at the thumb-marked passage which he was at present digesting-

Here, to take off a reproach which Box may lie under-otherwise a most beautiful and useful Shrub for Edging, and other Ornaments of a Coronary garden—because its scent is not agreeable to many, if, immediately upon Clipping, when only it is most offensive, you Water it, the Smell vanishes and is no more considerable. . . .

So absorbed was Herr Stoppelmann in this book-to translate which had been so agreeable yet arduous a pleasure to him, and which he had prefaced with seven pages of dedication to his master, his Serene Electoral Highness-that he was considerably startled to look up and see two men regarding him with downbent looks and folded arms: two masked men in cloaks. And Herr Stoppelmann realised, with an unpleasant start, that he was alone in the Coliseum by night, and that he had heard it was a place of no good repute, much frequented by banditti and assassins.

Having been educated at Leyden, Herr Stoppelmann of course knew all the languages in Europe, and almost everything else there was to know besides; therefore, he addressed the two strangers in correct Tuscan, and asked them rather timidly if they had any business with

"Well, we don't know yet," replied one of them in another dialectthat of the Romagna-" we were rather amused to see you here, sitting on a stone and reading a book. Couldn't you find a more comfortable place or a more comfortable occupation?"

Herr Stoppelmann rose and bowed. His nervousness had been increased by the fact that he noticed that the two strangers were shabby, heavily armed, and wore strips of black ribbon tied rather negligently over the upper portions of their faces, as if they wished to be masked and yet could hardly take the trouble to disguise themselves.

"I am," said the German, "a horticulturist and an antiquarian. I have come here to search for a flower which is said to bloom on the Roman ruins—but that will not interest you; in fact, I was already convinced that I came on a fool's errand, and I was merely passing the time because the spot was so imposing and the light so clear. In fact," he added nervously, "there is no reasonable explanation at all of why I am here. I fell into habit and took out a book I am translating, and proceeded to read it."

"I should read it at home, if I were you."

"I am not at home here," said Herr Stoppelmann, who had a liking for exactitude of phrase. "I am staying at an inn—the Three White Horses; it is not far."

"Return, then, my dear fellow," advised one of the strangers, "to the Three White Horses, and ask them to gallop you away out of Rome as quickly as possible."

"I do not understand the drift of your jest," replied Herr Stoppelmann, "but I am quite willing to leave the Coliseum to you. It no longer has very much interest for me-in fact, I find it rather overwhelming."

One of the strangers had now thrust his hand into the leather bag he wore strapped round his waist, and brought out a handful of coins. "If you are an antiquarian," he remarked, "perhaps you would care to buy these. I have dug them up in my promenades round the Roman

Herr Stoppelmann looked eagerly at the treasure, and found many of the coins were of the first importance—though only of interest to a collector. "How much do you want for them?" he asked, forgetting his fear of the two strangers in his eagerness to acquire these curios, which he was quite sure he could re-sell at a very handsome profit to his Serene Electoral Highness, who had an obsession for this manner

Seeing that he was prepared to bargain, the other two sat down on the stones near to Herr Stoppelmann, spread out the coins, and proceeded to argue in the most amiable fashion about their value and their price. Herr Stoppelmann, in the end, getting the antiques for what he believed to be far less than they were worth, and the others selling them for far more than they had ever hoped to obtain, the three became good friends, and chatted amiably together-especially when the two Italians produced a flask of Aqua Vita from their wallet, and pledged, with small draughts of the fiery refreshment, the exchange of these ancient coins of the Roman Emperor for present coins of his Holiness the Pope of good negotiable value in the inns of Rome.

The liquor was of extraordinary potency, and Herr Stoppelmann, between the effects of it and the pleasure of having secured the antiquities (which now lay comfortably in his pocket), became quite garrulous, and told the friendly and agreeable strangers—whose manner was so much more pleasant than their rather sinister appearance-all about his journey to Italy, and his search for rare plants; and he became so encouraged by the sound of his own words as almost to believe himself in a professorial chair in a Dutch university, talking to a large number of students.

So he began to discourse gravely on how cats will eat and destroy Marum Syriacum, if they can come at it; therefore it is best to guard it with furze or holy branch-together with other secrets not till now divulged, he declared pompously; how tuber roses will not endure the wet of September, therefore they are best set in pots wrapped in papers and put up the chimney; how the first ripe pear is, rightly treated, the Hamden Bergamot, and the first for baking is the Arundel pear, while the most excellent is the Louis pear; and so he discoursed, to a polite if inattentive audience, and, pleased by the manner in which these two men-who looked so ruffianly and acted in so gentlemanly a fashion-sat and listened to him, Herr Stoppelmann at last asked them if it was entirely the charms of his eloquence that held them there in the Coliseum at this hour of the night? . . . and they answered, "No, they had some other business.

'We are not only gentlemen of leisure," confessed one, "nor do we entirely make our living by selling the coins and curios which we dig up in the ruins of Rome. We may be hired for private and

intimate affairs.'

"Oh," said Herr Stoppelmann, rather checked in his discourse. "You are not, I suppose, assassins?" At which the two masked men smiled with a deprecating air.

'We, on occasion, do undertake work of that kind," admitted "But there is no need for you to disturb yourself, for you are not the victim whom we are out to seek to-night." At this Herr Stoppelmann was considerably startled, and the discourse on horticulture died away on his lips. He even made a hasty attempt to rise, but his two companions detained him courteously.

"I cannot be a party to murder," cried Herr Stoppelmann, whose brain was a little confused by the Aqua Vita, and who scarcely knew what he was saying, yet felt he had heard something about which he must protest. He could not, however, make his escape, for one of the gentlemen who had admitted to being an assassin was holding him by the cloak, and he saw, at this moment, a third man coming to join them; at which his blood ran very cold indeed with a nasty, bitter fear. The two gentlemen who detained him, however, told him that the newcomer was no friend of theirs.

'Perhaps, however," stammered the German, "he is your victim."

"Nothing of the kind-our victim will be walking with a lady."

The new-comer had now joined them, and, seeing that they were alone in the vast arena of the Coliseum and that he was passing them so close, it seemed only civil for him to salute them-which he did, with a very gracious air, and even paused and made some conventional remark about the clarity of the moonlight and the grandeur of the Coliseum.
"I hope," he added, "that you are not molesting this gentleman,"

and he smiled agreeably at Herr Stoppelmann and touched his thighhe was a young and vigorous man, obviously of noble birth, and armed both with rapier and pistol. The two assassins bowed in recognition of his quality, and declared that they were hearing a most elevating discourse from the other gentleman, who was a horticulturist in search of a certain flower which was supposed only to bloom on Roman ruins.

"And we have taken the occasion to sell him some Roman coins which we discovered in the Forum," added one. "There is nothing in all this to disturb your Lordship.'

"But you are perhaps waiting for some unfortunate," remarked the stranger. "I have heard that the Coliseum is a most dangerous place at night."

"Why, then, does your Lordship wander in it unprotected?" asked one of the assassins pleasantly.

"I do not know," replied the stranger with a certain languor, as if any place was of indifference to him. "I came to Rome to keep an appointment, and I am rather too early. So to fill in the time I said I would walk in the Coliscum and see the moonlight."

As he spoke Herr Stoppelmann looked at him with some relief. He was glad to have a companion, and to be no longer alone in the society of the two admitted assassins. It was all very well reading about such affairs in the comfort of one's chamber, but he had no wish to be an actor in one of the innumerable scenes of violence that he had often heard disgraced the streets and the ruins of Rome.

The stranger was youthful and handsome, though without much fire or animation. He seemed as one lazy in his wishes and languid in his desires. He carried himself gracefully and with a certain careless nobility, and he was finely dressed in expensive travelling clothes. His hair appeared to be newly dressed and powdered, and was clasped by a paste buckle-very recklessly, Herr Stoppelmann thought. There was also paste, or maybe diamonds, in the young man's laces, but he eyed the assassins coolly, as if not in the least apprehensive of any danger from them.

"Truly," he remarked disdainfully, "Rome is very badly governed when it is possible for gentlemen like you to lurk here waiting for their victim, uninterrupted."

He then addressed the German: "And you, my good Sir, had better come with me. You are hardly in the most desirable of company."

The two assassins shrugged their shoulders. "One must live," one of them remarked carelessly. "We do very well for ourselves and no more harm to others than anyone else, I think. We are very practised in our work, and our victim dies instantly-just a stroke between the



"You are not offended, are you?" asked the lady, a little aggrieved by his coldness and the sudden change that had come upon the ardour of his glances.

shoulder-blades and all his troubles are over. We then take him up and very neatly convey him through the streets, making him look like a sack of rubbish, and drop him into the Tiber. There the current is rapid and the waters are muddy, and likely enough he is not found again.'

"Or washed up into the drains, perhaps," mused the young man, with a shudder. "Whom are you waiting for to-night?"

"A gentleman who will be presently promenading here with a lady," answered one of the assassins.

"Then I must stay and protect him," replied the stranger, "for the lady's sake, if not for his.

Upon this both the assassins laughed. "For the lady's sake!" they cried. "It's the lady who has paid us-and paid us well-to make away with the gentleman."

"Ah, her husband!" exclaimed the newcomer, with an accent of

surprise and slight horror.

"No; in this case it is not her husband, but her lover. I believe the affair touches politics—but

that has nothing to do with us. If you, Sir, are an adventurer, as we are, perhaps you would care to join in the business and share the reward?"
"That is a strange suggestion

to make to me," remarked the young gentleman.

"Well, you can hardly be an honest traveller, your Lordship," said one of the assassins, bowing again, "or you would not be walking here at this time of night. There's many a year that I known the Coliseum, and I've never seen an honest man in it by moonlight yet, unless he's been lured here to meet his end, just like the gentleman whom we have to deal with to-night will be lured here by the lady."

The young man considered thoughtfully, and then shrugged his shoulders. It was none of his business. He had a most important appointment to keep, and could not by any means remain in the Coliseum and help this unknown stranger to free himself from the trap that was awaiting him. Besides, perhaps he deserved it. The young man always made a careful point of being on the side of the ladies, and, if the lady had decreed the assassination, perhaps she was justified in doing so. He thought to himself: "If I see a couple proceeding round the ruins, I will warn the gentleman and risk the lady's displeasure. If I see a guardia, I will tell him that there is a crime meditated in the Coliseum. If I see neither of these things, I will go to my rendezvous and forget all about it." He could not, of course, be too severe-there were certain turns of good fortune in his own life that he owed to assassination.

"I suppose," he remarked, after he had made these reflections, "you have no objection to my continuing my way?" And both the assassins said politely that they had no objec-

tion whatever.
"We never interfere, as a matter of professional honour, with any but those whom we are paid to attack," they assured him. And, whatever your business is, we are assured that it is no more lawful than ours, and you may go on it undisturbed."

"It certainly," admitted the gentleman, with an elegant smile, is no more lawful than yours. You are right there, and we may consider ourselves, I suppose, birds of a feather." And he lifted his plumed hat and bowed to the three of them.

But Herr Stoppelmann sprang forward and caught him by the flowered brocade of his sleeve. "Indeed, Sir, do not leave me in the Coliseum. These gentry are very courteous, but I should be glad to be

rid of their company."
"I will see you to the street," said the stranger, "and then I am afraid I must leave you, for I have—as I believe I have already remarked—a very important appointment." The two assassins allowed them to depart without any attempt to interfere with them.

'What an extraordinary country!" gasped Herr Stoppelmann, as they made their way carefully over the half-ruined seats of the Coliseum.
"I suppose it is," said the young man. "I have lived here nearly

all my life."

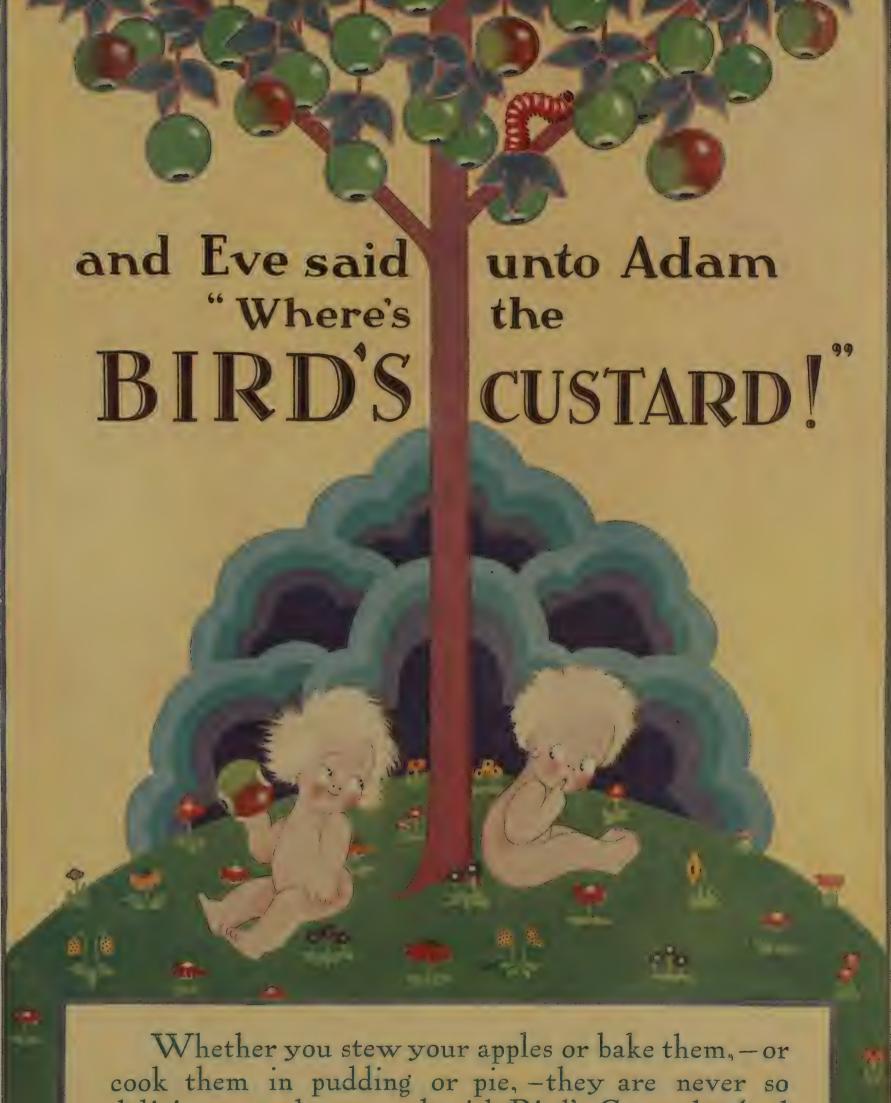
"In Rome, Sir?"

"No, not in Rome, but in Italy. One gets used to these things. Who are you?"

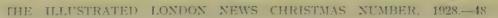
"I," said Herr Stoppelmann, with some pomposity, "am in the employment of a German Prince whose name I do not feel at liberty to divulge. Politics, you know, my dear Sir-politics.



Porphyrios covered the two approaching murderers with his pistol, and . . . they fled, squealing, scrambling and stumbling



Whether you stew your apples or bake them,—or cook them in pudding or pie,—they are never so delicious as when served with Bird's Custard. And Bird's is just as good, and equally nourishing, with all kinds of cooked fresh fruit, or a tin from the grocers.







"Now nothing mattered save the triumphant attainment of his objective. The bureau was secured at last."

Continued from Page 8]

He heard voices, argument, expostulation, and finally something heavy was deposited in the hall. He went out and directed that the article should be brought straight into the sitting-room. At any other time he would have been speechless at the sight of muddy boots on his immaculate Persian rugs, and trails of straw and paper defacing his parquet. (Dora, on the wettest days, had never remembered to wipe her shoes before bursting in upon his bachelor solitude.) Now nothing mattered save the triumphant attainment of his objective. The bureau was secured at last.

He surveyed the latter through his monocle. Although the worse for wear, it was indubitably Dora's *ci-devant* possession. From where he stood, thanks to the monocle, he could discern the little slice out of the left side where Dora had unwarily tested the sharpness of a knife before using it to point a pencil. He had spoken to her very severely about it afterwards. It showed nearly as gross carelessness as using nail-scissors to cut paper. Dora constantly did this, whose nail-scissors—his, George's, or her own—being immaterial.

Mr. Antrobus laid back the flap. He peered eagerly into the empty neatness of the interior, feeling a pang as he did so. How different from poor Dora's crowded, congested collection of papers and oddments! There was the scorch that she had made, sealing a letter.

Mr. Antrobus was suddenly conscious of blank, rather bewildering panic. When this was over, his quarry tracked down, George brought

to justice, tried, condemned, and duly executed, what was to become of Daniel Antrobus? For a year he had been absorbed in the quest for the bureau. After Dora's death it had taken the place of Dora, for helping Dora to manage her investments (as her only brother and trustee it was preferable that he should advise her, and not her husband), hauling Dora out of scrapes, seeing Dora conscientiously daily, scolding, supervising, and looking after Dora's physical, mental, and moral welfare, had been Mr. Antrobus's toil, pleasure, excitement, interest, and sole aim for the larger part of a lifetime. With Dora dead, the bureau discovered, and George hanged, Mr. Antrobus's occupation would indeed be gone.

He pulled himself together and bent over the bureau. His fingers probed nimbly. He knew just where to find the secret drawer which he himself had discovered and shown to Dora. It was exactly like Dora to have shown it to George, as presumably she had, for the missing snuff-box lay therein. It was, as Mr. Antrobus had surmised, not empty. It contained a small quantity of white powder. Mr. Antrobus closed and pocketed the snuff-box, and then stood back, fondly regarding the bureau. What a sensation it would make when trundled into court to form a valuable piece of evidence at George's trial!

Mr. Antrobus visited a chemist's on his way to Richmond. Yes, the white matter in the little silver box was arsenic. He burst in on George, and George's second wife, Adelaide, in their diminutive bungalow at Richmond. Mr. and Mrs. George were just off to golf, and not too

pleased to see him. Adelaide pouted in the hall, while Mr. Antrobus interviewed George in the dining-room. He laid the whole thing before the criminal: the absence of arsenic other than that found inside Dora, the missing snuff-box, the hurried disposal of the bureau, his own unwearied search for it, at last rewarded. He shook the little box and its contents (fortunately tightly shut in) in the face of the outraged, indignant, incensed, and (by his own protesting gestures) innocent George.

When he could edge in a word George shouted: "You infernal idiot! So you really believe that I poisoned Dora? She committed suicide,

poor soul."

"No, she didn't. You poisoned her!" It was an accepted thing that murderers always denied their guilt, although confronted with irrefutable proofs. Still, George looked more annoyed than anything else. "Dora committed suicide." His tones were suddenly hard and

unemotional. "I have it in her own writing, and the reason why. I

(Dora's pens always did run dry, although he had shown her innumerable times the proper way to clean and refill them), she had finished it in purple. The words danced before his eyes.

'Dearest George''-poor, deluded woman, thus to address her destroyer—" I'm beastly sorry, but I've made up my mind to end things. I can't carry on any longer. It's Daniel. I can't put up with any more He's bossed me all my life. I married you to get away from him, but he only came to live near us, and it's been worse than ever. I'm untidy and careless and messy, and can't do anything right. I can't manage my pens or my investments or anything that is mine. I 've asked you to move, to get away from Daniel, but you don't understand. I 've taken arsenic out of Bill's surgery'' (Bill was George's brother, a rising doctor, whom Mr. Antrobus had never liked), "and I'll eat a spoonful instead of my castor-sugar. Daniel explained to me about poisons once, but he mentioned so many that I can't remember



"He laid the whole thing before the criminal: . . . the missing snuff-box, the hurried disposal of the bureau, his own unwearied search for it, at last rewarded.'

wanted to spare you, so I never showed you her last letter: but you shall see it now, and perhaps that 'll put this cock-and-bull idea out of your head."

Mr. Antrobus, with a dazed apprehension that George might murder him also, or endeavour to make his escape, nevertheless resolved not to let his brother-in-law out of his sight. In the tiny hall he nearly fell over Adelaide, not far from the dining-room door, polishing a putter and looking very sulky. Of course, it would be disagreeable for her when she became the widow of a man hanged for poisoning his first wife, but the innocent suffered with the guilty. Probably she would marry again, and if she were going golfing there could not be any complication with an expected child. Mr. Antrobus followed George determinedly upstairs. In the ultra-modern bed-room, with its twin beds (George and Dora had shared a camouflaged four-poster) Mr. Antrobus found himself confronted by a sheet of mauve notepaper, taken from a locked cabinet and thrust under his nose by a wrathful and inarticulate George.

Mr. Antrobus, alert for a clever forgery, fumbled for and adjusted his monocle. Yes, this was Dora's untidy, sprawling handwriting. She had begun the letter with green ink, but, her pen presumably running dry if arsenic is one that hurts dreadfully or not. I've left you all my money. Please marry again, and go to live somewhere miles and miles from Daniel. Your distracted wife,

"P.S.—Don't tell Daniel."

Mr. Antrobus looked at the letter, looked at George, and then went from the room. Once more he fell over Adelaide, this time on the landing, close to the bed-room door. Shut doors seemed to have a curious fascination for her. He left the house without taking any notice of her, too preoccupied to see either the Austin Seven or the motor lorry advancing towards him from opposite sides of the road.

What was left of Mr. Antrobus was collected unobtrusively and buried beside the sister whom he had survived only a year. His fatal accident took place, curiously enough, on the first anniversary of her death. Adelaide was extremely annoyed at its happening only a few yards outside her front gate, just as she was issuing therefrom to play golf. It gave her quite a distaste for the game ever afterwards.

THE END.

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MAURICE OF TROUVAIN.

So went he into the fray, and the tourney was to last for three full days. Then on the evening of the second day there came a messenger to the King. And the King spoke with him, and then he said, "It is for me to go straightway, and my Knights must go with me. But I give order that thou cease not thy tourney, for there be many Knights yet here. And so well thou fightest, Sir Count, that I would fain know the end, and I will give praise to him who cometh through to the last."

And when the Lordlings heard that the King and his Knights were going they came together and they made a wile. And on the next day so it was that they all set on the Count together, and they killed him. And they took Maurice and said, "Go now, minstrel; and Stale Bread go with thee. For this castle is ours to bide in."

And Maurice said, "Now I go to be a man."

And they drove them out, Maurice and old Jean.

Then Maurice and Jean went over the countryside together, and they came to another land. Their money was gone, so they went into a village and Jean sang-

Who would list a tale to bear?

Even so old Jean made force to sing, albeit that he was weary. But the people laughed and said, " Hark to old crack-bell.

as he grew older, Maurice became stronger, and his hands were hard and knotted, and his arms great. For sometimes he took bread by working in the fields, and sometimes by toiling in the woods, and sometimes he took bread by force, and there was none dared say him "No."

And at last they came to a forest, and it was and at last they came to a forest, and it was in twilight time. And when they had gone a little way into the forest Jean sank down at the foot of a tree, and he said, "This is the last. For my songs are done." And he lay there saying nothing. Then he said, "Sing me about the little stars." And Maurice sang it very soft. And Jean said, "Even so look they down, and soon shall I know their dreams that came to me when I was a child and are lost long ago." me when I was a child and are lost long ago." And he said no more. But he lay very still. And Maurice took his hand to chafe it. But it

And Maurice went on his way very sad.

Jesu, give an old man rest That bath known long toil and pain; Zesu, take bim to Tby breast, Jesu, make bim child again. Make bim play as children do, Give him dreams as once be knew:bow trees with golden apples grew, And fairies danced the long night through, And Kings there lived that know no care, And ladies that do never weep. Ob, bappy is the children's sleep Und bard an old man's lot to bear!

he went in, people looked at him strangely. And lo! within it all was in festival. But it was a festival that was long past, for the white flowers were withered and faded, and the leaves were as embers, and the candles on the altars had burned away unto stunted ends and drabbled onto the silk, even as though all had gone out of the church

suddenly and never gone in again.

And as he came out of the church, lo! there rode the King down the street—that very same one whose daughter had said "Tell me a story." one whose daughter had said "Tell me a story." And he went up and said, "Sire, hear me." The King said, "I hear thee." He said, "I am the Count of Trouvain." The King said, "I know thee." He said, "Sire King, is thy daughter not with thee, even she that said 'Tell me a story'?" And the King looked at him and answered, "We speak not of that."

Count Maurice said, "Whither has she gone?" The King said, "Go yonder over the hill and to the desert, and the paynims: go ask the sea.

to the desert, and the paynims; go ask the sea, ask God that hath cursed us and tricked us, for that they came back no more. Nay, peace, for we speak not of that."

> Goeth Maurice forth again, Out across the lonely plain. Where no trees and bouses be, Hor man nor any beast to see. Sun sank down and moonlight shone; Lonely ways be walked upon. yet another day and yet Afternoon and sunlight set.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

FROM THE PICTURE, "THE THREE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST," BY MADAME LIVIA KADAR. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

And Maurice said, "He hath done a better day than all of you. Lo! easy it is to listen on a full stomach, and hard to sing on an empty one." And he said, "Old Jean, they know not these old songs, which are too good for such." Then also he said, "God! how I hate it, this singing, for the which she jested at me! Yet listen now, ye loons."

And he sang, even as he had sung on a time with Jean in the little room below ground. And he told them of two little children that loved each other, and how they sought each other through forest and field and over seas and in strange countries. And how love came to them at the last, and they went back both to the town and lived there; and the children came, and they were very happy day long and night long, when the earth is stilled and quiet and the darkness is full of sweetness and strange music.

Zind from the bills above the town Only the little stars look down. Each little star, on its silver beam, Sends to each little child a dream. What are the dreams 3 cannot fell, But the little children know them well.

And so sweet it was that those who stood round gan sing it also.

And so went they on through the land longtime. And Jean grew older and older, till his steps could scarce go along the road. And even

And so it was after long time that, as Maurice went upon his way, he came to a town. And he went through the streets, and they were very There went men this way and that, and women carrying burdens, and there were booths and stalls, and bartering. Yet was it as though it were a city of the dead, as a city of funerals, for it was so silent, and the faces of the people were so grave and sad.

And he went to one, and he said, "Tell me now, Sir, what it is that ails this town, for as it were there is something a-missing, even as though summer without flowers, or a flower without petals. I know not what it is. And all ye are so grave and sad also. I pray you tell me the cause."

But the man said, "Hush! for we speak not

of that.

And he came unto another, and said: "Sir, I pray you tell me the reason of this sadness and loneliness that is in the town." But he said also, "Hush! we speak not of that."

And he thought, "Lo now, an the men tell me

not, then will I speak unto the women-kind." And he said, "I pray you, my dame, tell me now what ails this town, that it seemeth so sad and so lonely?" And she fell a-weeping so sore as if her heart would break. And she said, "We speak not of that. Oh, that thou hadst not spoken thereof!"

Then he came to a very fair church. And as

So be travelled on his ways;— Days went into yesterdays; To the country's edge came be, To the sand along the sea.

So Maurice came to the sea. And he said, "Lo! this is the end of the world, and I can go no further." And he set himself down on the sand not far from some bushes, and he made a fire, for evening came on. Then he took what little there was yet left in his sack and made food. For he said, "God will provide to-morrow, and I have eyes to seek and hands to find by daylight."

So he sat there. And as he sat, lo! it seemed as though he heard a little crying, very soft, among the bushes. So he stayed still. And then it came again. He said, "I know not what it is. For it sounds not like any animal that ever I knew. Yet is this a strange land. And when I move it ceases. Lo! now I will feign sleep, and perhaps he will come out." So he put everything together, and left out a little food at a small distance. Then he made as though to go to sleep. And there was all silence.

But nothing came. Then he opened an eye. He saw something white among the bushes. And again he looked, and still it was there.

Yet so it was that with closing his eyes he fell well-nigh asleep, for he was very weary. And when next he thought on it he started up.



And lo! there it was eating out of his plate and licking it as though the platter might feed.

And he said, "God have mercy on thee! Who art thou?"

There was no answer. He said, "Answer me. Who art thou? Or I will come and take hold of thee.'

Then there was the sobbing sound again, and he strode out beyond the firelight and took it up in his arms and said, "Answer now an I kill thee not."

And lo! it was a girl.

He said, "Of Jesus' pity, how camest thou here? Lo! now thou art as it were bone, and thy fair flesh no more than a velvet covering. Hast thou starved? I will see if there is more

food—but it is only leavings."

She said, "Give it to her."

He said, "Who is she?"

She said, "I will go with it."

He said, "Thou bringest tears to mine eyes. What is it all?

She said, "I would fain sleep." He said, "Sleep here, near to me for warmth, for there is scarce fire for one."

She said, "There came a priest to our town, and he preached. He said that if the children went to Jerusalem, then all would be well, and Jesus' tomb would be saved, and all the world would be at peace. He spoke so fair; I know not but we and our fathers and mothers were led away of him, and we all started out from the church. Mayhap they thought we would come back in but a few days. We marched singing and singing, until it was too late to go back. And some died on the way-a few-and the most came to where the ships would be, over along there. Then the Paynims came, and two of us fled, Melusine and I. And all the rest were taken. . . . I always say prayers of a night, He said, "Aye, so be. Yet have I no home. But I will go with thee, Lady." She said, "Thou callest me Lady." He said, "Aye. When thou wast weak thou

wast a child; but not now."

Homeward did they turn at last, Desert places through they passed; Many weeks and many a day, Went they forward on their way.

And as they went, lo! they wandered aside from their path, and they came on to a great marsh, and went over it for many days. And mist came and rain, and they wandered round and round. And at last they said, "This hath no end, and here we shall die." And they sat down in an hollow with the mist about them. And he said, "Draw close, Ydoine, for there is not fire nor warmth, and it is full winter." She said. "Thou host not acked me to draw close. said, "Thou hast not asked me to draw close



GOING TO THE FAIR-A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

About a hundred years ago The world was very dull and slow; For there were neither trams nor trains, Nor motor cars, nor aeroplanes, Nor films, nor radio: And Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones Could never talk through telephones

A hundred years ago.

A hundred years (or so) ago, Instead of to a picture show Good children had the pleasure rare Of being taken to the fair

Just once a year (or so).

They had to walk it (what a bore!)

And Oh, what silly clothes they wore

A hundred years ago!

But still, a hundred years ago, The grass was greener than we know; Children, like us, could dance and shout, And round-abouts went round about, And swings went to and fro,
And dogs like ours could bark like mad; Perhaps it was not quite so bad A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago (or so) At Christmas there was ice and snow;
Folks listen'd for the Christmas bells,
And did not herd in huge hotels,
Where modern people go.
For Christmas Day was Christmas Day; And home was home; and home was gay
A hundred years ago.

C. E. B.

" Nay, but I will carry thee, thou poor, weak thing, with thy face as a little starved flower against my arm."
She said, "In the bushes."

So they came there. And it was another one. He said, "Stand you aside. Go back to the fire and take the food and eat it. I will come anon.

And he took up the other one and took some great stones, and in the starlight he walked out onto a great rock where the water was deep at

the end, full sea-deep.

And he said, "Go, little one, unto a seagrave, and sleep there where never storms be, nor eve nor morning, but the twilight of pearls only, until God call thee unto His own."

And he knelt down and prayed.

Then he went back and found her by the fire. And the food was all gone. He said, "Are there any others?" She said, "One walked out to sea in the night, a little boy—he that hid behind the rock when the Paynims came and took all the rest. He found us afterwards, and he was with us only three days before he went. Sister woke and heard him only as the tide took him, and he was singing about 'Bo-peep'-' Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, 'as hewalked out to sea." even as when I was but a little child. Pray thou for me while I sleep."

The morning came as she was sleeping. And when it came, he gathered two fish. The fire was still burning on a heap of ashes. And he went further abroad for more food, and he found a bird and also other food. And he made also a little house out of the bushes. And so the days passed.

> Sweet Ydoine so fair of face Dwelt with Maurice in that place, Told bim all of the Crusade That the little children made. Built they then a bouse and be Brought ber fishes from the sea, Brought ber wild fruit from the ground, Birds and eggs and berbs be found; So they dwelt together there, Maurice noble knight and fair. 19doine of the golden bair.

And when Ydoine was grown again as she was before, lo! she was very beautiful. When her weakness was past, she said one day, "Let us go home."

He said, "I have no home that is mine."
She said, "Who art thou? Thou art nobly born?"

before, not since I was weak even by the fire on the sea-sand." He said, "Neither would I now, save that I make force to, else wilt thou die of cold." And she came close to him. And as he sat there very still and saying nothing, she laid her white arm about his neck and said, "Why dost thou not tell me, Maurice?" He said, "What should I tell thee?" She said, "Nothing, nothing at all." He said, "God knoweth all that I have to tell thee; but thou knowest it already, how much I love thee," and

he took her and held her close, and kissed her. She said, "Now that I have thee, how fain

would I see to-morrow!"

He said, "Take my cloak and stay here. And if God will it I shall come again. And, if not, think of me, and we shall meet at the gate of heaven.'

And as he went in the darkness, lo! far distant a tiny light. And as he went on it was bigger. And morning came. And in the mist wherein they had wandered round and round so oft a very great castle, and before it lists, and all making ready. And he said, "It is my own castle that we have been so near." And as the servitors watched not he took food and went across the down and came to her. And he said, "Wait awhile, for I go again." [Continued on a later page.



Dickens Scries.

TROTTY VECK.

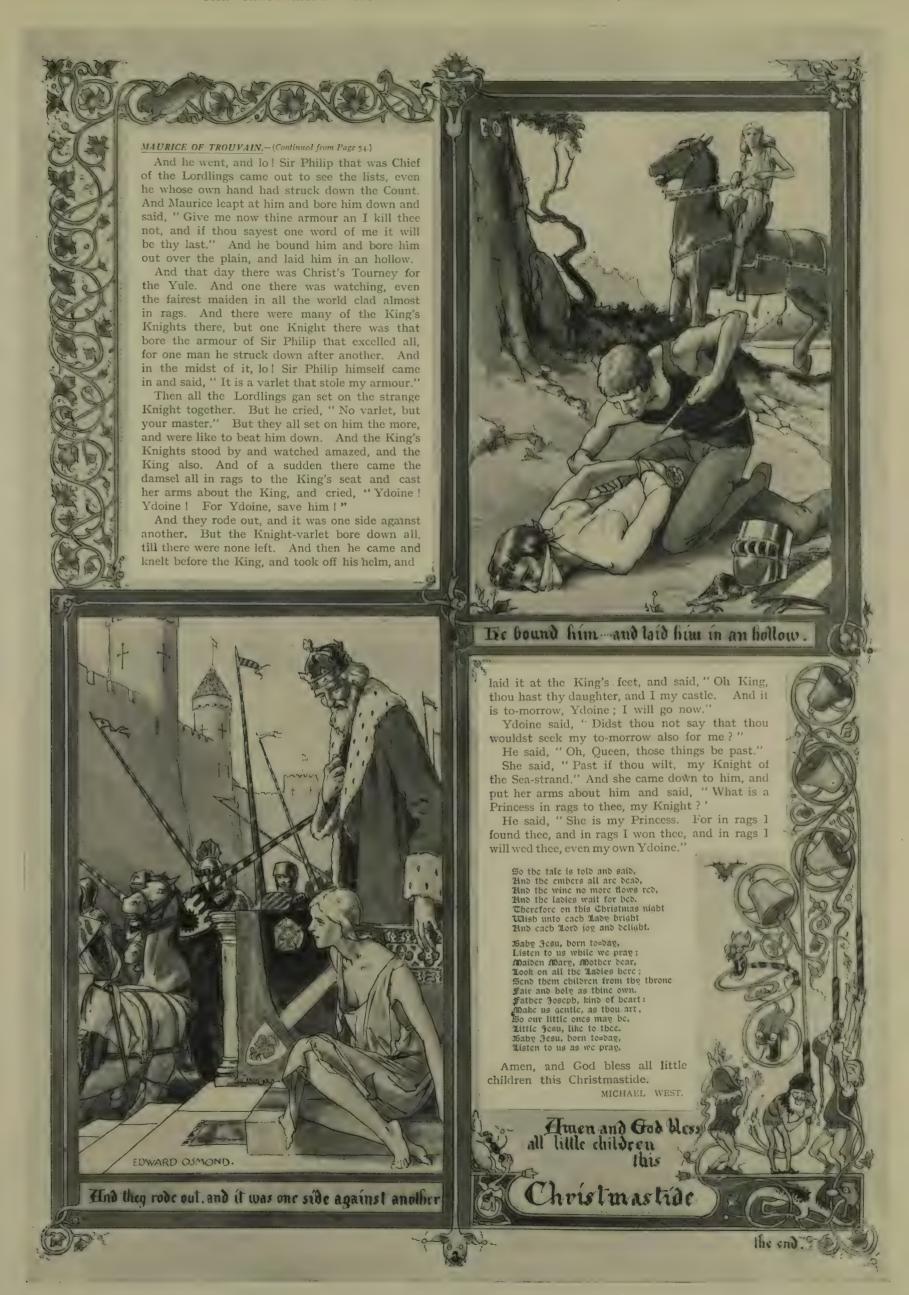
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PROMENADE IN THE COLISEUM. (Continued from Page 46.)

The young man caught his arm, for he was stumbling over a large block of masonry in his way. "I am writing a book," gasped the horticulturist, when he had recovered his breath. "Hortus Deliciarum." culturist, when he had recovered his breath. "Hortus Deliciarum." And then he began to relate of his search for the flower, white in most places, but purple when found in the Coliseum by moonlight.

The young man laughed. "There is a double meaning in that, I think,"

They had now left the gigantic ruins, and stood on the ground outwhere was the half-fallen fountain where the gladiators used to wash their wounds; and beyond, the façade of some baroque housesflat, white, adorned with wreaths of fruit, with green blinds drawn against the moonlight.

The young man took a diamond-studded watch, as round as an apple, from his breast pocket, and looked at the time. "I am due for my appointment," he observed civilly, "and now, Sir, I must bid you goodnight. I would willingly escort you to your inn, but I have not time."

'May I not know your name?" said the German, bowing, " so that

I can thank you personally?"
"Call me," said the young man, "Porphyrios."
Slightly apart from the other silent, shuttered houses, the one with the green persiane faced the gigantic circle of the Coliseum. To reach Porphyrios had to pass two monstrous pillars, above which the acanthus leaves scrolled round the capitals like frozen waves, and where all the hard, curling fronds were picked out by the moonlight into hard shapes of black and white. Beneath these pillars, on a waste of ground, grew some ragged grass, and a herdsman, clad in goatskins, sat there asleep; while three white kids browsed round his feet.

Porphyrios paused, and looked at this, and at the house he was about to visit. He was on a foolish errand, but life without folly was hardly conceivable to one of his temperament. He had been for years in love with a woman who had blighted his fairest prospects, alienated his best friends, and overclouded his fair fame in its tenderest point. He had finally, after a due consideration of all these facts, dismissed her, and she had come to Rome and married, on the strength of the pension that Porphyrios had allowed her, an old man with a ruined reputation and an ancient name. So he (Porphyrios) was well rid of a dangerous love affair, and yet not in the least rid—for he must secretly, write to the lady and beg to see her again, seeking out the chains from which he had with such difficulty delivered himself; and she had told him that she had too many enemies to be able to venture abroad, but that if he cared to come to Rome, she would meet him; and she named this house near the Coliseum, which was a café and sweetstuff shop, and had rooms abovelet easily for obscure and difficult interviews

To come to Rome had been to come into a city of enemies. He was therefore in disguise, but he might be recognised. When he had seen

the two assassins just now, waiting in the Coliseum, he had believed they were for him. He had not been afraid to meet them, for he was well armed; but he had been rather relieved to discover that he was not their destined victim. Now he paused, and wondered how his foolish adventure would end, and if Antonia Camilla was worth the risk he took.

The café that Porphyrios approached, and above which were the rooms where he would meet his beloved, was not—as might be supposed of the better sort, for this was a dangerous and avoided neighbourhood; but it was famous for the making of sweetmeats, and in the daytime many gallants would throng there to buy gifts for their mistresses. after the dusk fell it was deserted, and now the doors were closed and there was only a vague light coming between the lattice of the shutters.

Porphyrios pushed the door and entered a small white room, set with chairs and tables, and the walls painted with arabesques surrounding figures of dancing-girls. The air was heavy and sickly with the smell of hot sweets, and on the table were many delicacies ready for sale on the morrow, such as cream toast or pain perdu, blanc-manges, jellies, orange pudding, batelio pie, sullebubs, marchpain, chocolate creams, sallad-magundy, and pippin frazes—all these set out temptingly in clear silver or glass dishes.

Porphyrios crossed this room and opened a door at the back which stood ajar, and looked into the kitchen, where a fair and plump young girl was making jelly, straining some finely-clarified lemon-juice of a pure white colour into a swan-skin jelly-bag, which hung on a clean saucepan. The lemon-juice poured out as clear as rock-water; while over a charcoal fire an old woman was stirring some boiling cream, and pouring on it a mazarine, and flavouring it with a piece of cinnamonall of which made a medley of potent, sweet perfume in the close air.

"Ah, you are the gentleman for whom the lady waits upstairs," cried the old woman. "You go up one flight and stop at the first door She has been here half an hour."

But I," smiled Porphyrios, "am punctual to my appointment." The old woman and the young girl looked at him curiously, each pausing in their delicate, frivolous labours. "You are not masked," they remarked, "and we should know your face again."

Porphyrios thought it had possibly been very foolish of him to come unmasked, and yet it scarcely mattered, and he was of a temperament that finds it most difficult to take precautions. He would rather face the consequences of imprudence than be at the trouble to be prudent

So he went up the narrow stairs boldly, as one embarked on a just design, and knocked at the first door he came to; and her familiar voice said "Enter!" And when he had entered and seen her, he did not grudge his pains or his long, tedious travel, for she seemed to him to represent all the grandeur of Nature and all the profuseness of God in sending beauty on to the earth—for of grace and fairness and gaiety [Continued overleaf,

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and voluptuous charm she had an amazing plenty, and she always roused in the breast of Porphyrios a gratitude to heaven for the gift of her, for she was more noble and sumptuous than any woman, not only that he had beheld in the flesh, but whom he had beheld through the imagination of artists and poets, painted or described; and he had always cherished her as a great rarity, which perhaps a hundred years would not produce again. It was true he owed himself a certain compliment for the discernment which made him perceive these manifold charms; for he had taken her from an obscure—even a shameful—position. Therefore, her lustre shone all the more brightly in contrast to the dingy nothingness from which she had sprung

All this was quickly in his mind as he stood inside the door and looked at her again, as she sat on a yellow sofa with her hands folded in her lap and her mantle disposed decorously over her shoulders; but he knew that when she took the mantle off, her attire would be gay. All this was Antonia Camilla to Porphyrios, and because of her he had abandoned everything-affairs of great moment and sharp import-to come all this tiresome way from Florence to Rome, at peril of more than his life; yet to others she was but an ordinary woman, and to some she

was very detestable.
"I never thought you would come," she smiled, staring at him, and

her note was more one of triumph than of welcome.

"Why did you make this appointment?" he asked, scarcely caring what remark he made, so long as he had the exquisite pleasure of talking to her again. "It was difficult for me to get to Rome, and this house is in a dangerous spot-even for Rome."

"Could I receive you in my own palace?" she asked; "when you

have given me a jealous old husband?"
"I give you!" he protested. "My dear Camilla, you married the man yourself—it was your own idea."
"What was I to do?" asked the lady mournfully. "Since you

dismissed me, I had to seek another protector.

He did not remind her of her pension. Why ruin with recriminations this delicious moment of reunion? He took his seat beside her on the sofa, and with a sigh unclasped her cloak and laid his head on her brocaded bodice; and she caressed his smooth cheek and long curls with familiar tenderness.

"I would not have believed," he sighed, "that you could so soon

forget an injury.

An injury?" she repeated, as if she had never heard the word

"Oh, Camilla, of course I did you a gross injury when I sent you away from Florence, and I thought you would revenge it on me by refusing to see me again."

"Revenge?" repeated the lady again, as if the word were alien.

"Do not let us talk of such ugly things, my love. Only tell me that you love me still and are pleased to see me again." And he ended with pleading in his voice.

The fact that I am here is sufficient to show that I still love you," said the lady mournfully. "I also take risks; though I am, compared to you, Porphyrios, a most unimportant person. But my husband has his notions of honour. Even though he knows my past history, he is very jealous of my newly acquired virtue, and if he should discover that I had given you an assignation here my life would not be safe for half an hour. He is an adept in removing those he dislikes.'

"Why," exclaimed Porphyrios, half angry, "did you marry such a narrow-minded and dangerous man? However, we will not trouble

ourselves about him—I want you to return with me to Tuscany."
"But you also are going to be married, are you not?" said the lady, and she rose from the sofa and began to set out a service of silvered porcelain. "You will need some coffee and refreshments," she smiled.

"You must have come a long and tedious way."

"I am to be married, it's true," agreed Porphyrios sullenly, "but that, as you know, is a matter of State. I shall see as little as possible of my new wife, who is thirty years old, plain, and bigoted; and you shall have precedence on all possible occasions."

"In short," said Camilla delicately, "your discarded mistress will

return in triumph. What will all your friends and my enemies say to that?'

"I do not care what they say," said Porphyrios. "I want you above everything. Life goes to a different melody when you are near And he looked with the greatest gratification at her extraordinary beauty, as she moved about preparing the coffee.

The room was a charming setting to these remarkable charms of hers, for it had been arranged, with some art, as a temple for sweet, stolen interviews and delicious private love affairs. The walls were covered with pale-green watered silk; the furniture was delicate and gilded; the tables were of pale alabaster; the couches were piled with down cushions, and the windows were hung with thick velvet curtains; and there were many mirrors on the walls, so that the happy occupants of the secret chamber above the sweet-shop should be able to see themselves repeated again and again from every possible angle.

It is six months since we have seen each other," mused Antonia

Camilla, "and you are not in the least changed."

"But you are more beautiful," declared Porphyrios, "even than my fervent longing painted you; and if you will only return to Florence I will put Tuscany beneath your feet.

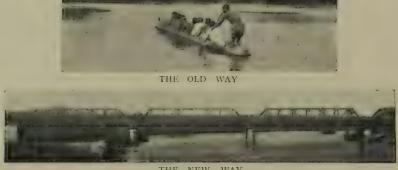
At this he rose and would have taken her in his arms, but she put him by, saying he would spill her coffee, which she had just heated and which was giving out a pungent aroma. But Porphyrios would have

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none of this, and took his beloved frankly in his arms and held her close, and told her all her praises, and how he would never allow her out of his sight again, and what he would do for her when he had her again in Florence; and how she should set her foot on all who had opposed her and called her wanton and profligate and extravagant, and even spy. He would dispose them in their several places, and listen no more to their vicious conversations; he would even force them to promise to do her homage. How she should live in every profuseness and magnificence, and be the greatest, noblest figure in all Tuscany!

Antonia Camilla listened to this with downcast eyes. "And what

title have I to all this greatness?" she asked.

Porphyrios replied: "Your whole title is that you continue to love

"Can one control love?" sighed the lady softly. "Does it come and go as one calls it-if one is once cast off, can one come back again?

am married now to an old and jealous man, who rates me pretty high."

"But not so high as I do," cried Porphyrios, with some indignation, still holding her close. "And who is he? We may pension him or remove him. You are my incomparable love, and nothing more must be set between us."

"All extremes are pernicious," said the lady. "Love me with more moderation." And she escaped from him and served him with his

Porphyrios, looking all round the room, saw her loveliness repeated again and again in the many mirrors, and felt grateful towards whoever had hung them there so admirably to extol his lady's beauty by reflecting it so often; then Porphyrios, though so delighted to have again met this lady, wondered idly if he really knew her, and if any of the images he saw reflected round the room were the lady herself. He, indeed, was aware of nothing about her save the fact that she inspired him with love. She might be sordid and covetous, violent and mean, for all he knew of her-and what did it matter?

The lady now approached him, and when he had drunk his coffee looking on her the while with doting glances of extreme love—she said: "It is a beautiful night, and I feel stifled in this room. The moonlight is delicious, and I suggest that we should take a promenade in the Coliseum.

Porphyrios set his coffee-cup back on the tray, and the lady perceived that the look on his face had become fixed, and was no longer soft and melting, but of an odd hardness. However, he said quietly: "Certainly, if you wish, we will take a promenade in the Coliseum."

He rose at once and put on his hat and cloak.
"You are not offended, are you?" asked the lady, a little aggrieved by his coldness and the sudden change that had come upon the ardour

of his glances.

"Of course I am not offended," he replied; and he looked again round the mirrors at all the images of Antonia Camilla.

They went down the silent stairs and through the shop that was filled with sweetmeats waiting to be sold on the morrow, and out into the open space where were the two ruined columns, the sleeping goatherd, and the kids, and past the fountain where the gladiators washed their wounds, till they came to the Coliseum, and all the while the lady hung on his arm.

They entered the intense darkness of one of the entrance arches, and came out on to the wide brightness of the arena, filled with tumbled masonry and tall trees, and shrubs and plants, all misted and grey in the moonlight. But Antonia Camilla said that she did not wish to wander there, but to promenade above the tiers of the boxes, and particularly to the imperial box above the main entrance, where the Emperor used to sit; and this was precisely where Porphyrios had seen the two assassins waiting.

He did not move when the lady expressed this desire, but sat down on one of the stones and thought of how he had treated Antonia Camilla, casting her away with a pension to a marriage with an old man; and how likely it was that she would never forgive this. How little he had known of her to expect that she would forgive it, and what a sentimental fool he had been to come from Florence to Rome to trust himself to this wronged

The lady became impatient. "We shorten the night," she said, "by dallying too long here. promenade with me?" Will you not come and make my favourite

This time he rose, and allowed her to conduct him to the ruins of the imperial box. How dark and gigantic the Coliseum looked, and how clear and bright was the sky above, and how strange their destiny-these two lovers, one conducting the other to the spot where two assassins lurked. And when they had nearly reached it, Porphyrios said: "This is a melancholy spot for us to say good-bye. I should never have come, Antonia Camilla. I might have known that you could never forgive.'

And he saw, as he glanced away from her intense and terrified face, the two assassins were approaching him, their hats pulled over their

eyes, and their arms raised and hidden by their cloaks.

"Those two men are coming to murder me at your instigation," sighed Porphyrios quietly, "and I am sorry that we should have come to this, Camilla.

The lady hesitated, but, seeing the two ruffians hastily approaching, she said violently: "You were a fool to suppose that I should forgive. You were a fool not to guess that there would be someone who could pay me even higher than you—that my revenge would chime with my interest. My husband is a spy of France, and I serve him as well as I once served

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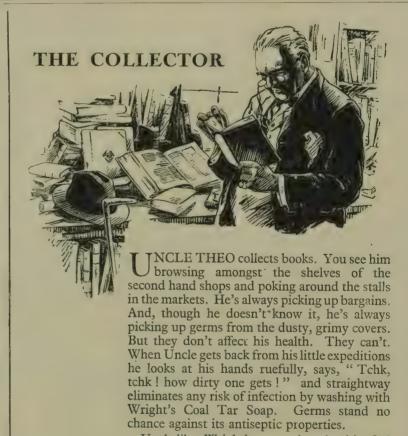
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And now, good-night to your Highness, for these men are here to put you to death.

But Porphyrios had already covered the two approaching murderers with his pistol, and they cowered back, surprised and confounded; for they could only attack the undefended and the unsuspecting: whenever they were faced they fled, as they fled now, squealing, scrambling, and stumbling over the ruins and dropping out of their wallets the money

that Herr Stoppelmann had paid them for the antiquities.
"You see," said Porphyrios, "my only misfortune to-night is to be the misfortune of losing you." And he looked at her mournfully. Here in the monstrous ruins of the Coliseum, under the bright moon in the pale sky, they stared at each other most intently; and then she again essayed her fate, and struck him with a bodkin she had in her breast, so that the blood ran down his wrist from the slight wound she had made, and Porphyrios laughed unhappily.

"Shall I escort you back to your lodging?" he asked mournfully. But the lady turned and left him, and walked alone through the blackness of the imperial box; he was quite sure she still loved him.

Porphyrios sat down and mused bitterly. He did not notice that the blood was running from the scratch on the back of his wrist over the flowers that grew by his side; tall bell-like flowers rising elegantly from amid brambles. How clumsy he had been; why did he not follow Camilla? Before morning she would betray him, of course; but it would be worth it to a man of spirit.

Herr Stoppelmann had lost his way, and, as the Coliseum was the most conspicuous object in the city, he had wandered back there, intending, if need be, to pass the night under the arches, which, despite his meeting with the assassins, seemed to him to be safer than the narrow streets, and the deserted temples full of sinister figures. Seeing a tall purple flower growing in the moonlight, he exclaimed foolishly, "Ah, Sir, have you found the jacinth?

It is a white flower stained with my blood," replied Porphyrios, looking down mournfully. "That is the only purple jacinth you will find in the Coliseum." Herr Stoppelmann remembered the lady, the two assassins, and guessed the rest. Porphyrios with a sigh bound up his wrist, said good-night to Herr Stoppelmann, and went his way; which was not the way to the sweetshop.

When the horticulturist came to write his diary of his journey abroad, for the benefit of his Serene Electoral Highness, he put in this incident, told with many illustrations from classical authors. But he could not

explain it; nor, he felt sure, could Porphyrios.
"Who was Porphyrios?" asked his Serene Highness, bored with the diary, and Herr Stoppelmann could not answer that. But when he was sent, some years later, to the Court of Florence, with a present of variegated tulips for the Grand Duke, he was astonished to see in this

gentleman the stranger of that promenade in the Coliseum; or to believe that he saw this: discretion made him dubious of his own senses

The Grand Duke did not appear to recognise him, and Herr Stoppelmann did not venture to recall their mutual adventure to his mind. But later, Herr Stoppelmann strolled in the gardens with his Highness Karl Ferdinand Maria, Archduke of Austria and Grand Duke of Tuscany, who showed him his red Roman nectarines, and other tempting fruit growing plentifully on the walls, and told him how he had hung there three bottles of mixture to keep away the wasps. Herr Stoppelmann interrupted to say how neat's feet kept off earwigs, "which are pernicious," he added. "Nor ought you to be less diligent to prevent the ants, which above all invade the orange-flower. Cast scalding brine on their hills, and other haunts. Look diligently under the leaves of mural trees for snails—they stick commonly somewhat above the fruit. Do not cut off the bitter leaves, for then they will certainly begin afresh.'

Here his Highness stopped Herr Stoppelmann, who was again inclined to think he was in a chair at Leyden and to talk a great deal too much,

though no doubt to good purpose.

"None of your glasses of beer to entice wasps and flies is of much use," he smiled. "They will get the peach just the same, even if they perish afterwards. And believe me, my dear Herr Stoppelmann, they will think it worth it. I was once in that situation. To avoid a trap baited with poisoned honey, I left my peach untasted, and, believe me, I have regretted it ever since.

Herr Stoppelmann was left to his own reflections on this matter, and to decide whether or no it dealt with the promenade in the Coliseumand if so, whether it indicated that his Highness regretted, not the folly which had led him into the trap, but the wisdom with which he had

extricated himself.
"I believe," thought Herr Stoppelmann, "that is probably what he means; he was so fond of that jade that he would rather have had another hour or two of life with her and been slain than lost her and escaped. He is sorry, not that he discovered her perfidy, but that he let her know he had discovered it. He regrets, not that he escaped, but that he did not eat his peach before he fell into the jar of sweets. prize would have been worth the penalty—the sweetness worth the suffocation. I wonder," he reflected to himself, rubbing his long chin.

But his Highness, who seemed indifferent about most matters, proceeded in a leisurely manner to display the rest of his collection of peaches the quince peach, the musk peach, the Grand Carnation, the Portugal peach, the Crown peach, the Musque violet, the Almond violet, the Savoy Mala-cotton, "which," said his Highness, "has this advantage that it lasts till Michaelmas, and few sweet, delicious creatures have so THE END. long an enduring."



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ANIMALS OF THE MOSLEM HEAVEN.

By SIR THOMAS ARNOLD, Professor of Arabic in the University of London.

(See Illustrations on Pages 4 and 5)

ANY animal-lovers in this country are insistent in their demands that their pets should share with them the joys of Heaven, and the great American naturalist, Agassiz, supports them in the belief that the souls of animals are immortal. The Muhammadan world is not so indiscriminate in its gifts of immortality, but it commonly believes that a certain number of favoured beasts have been admitted into Paradise This privilege most of them owe to the fact that they receive mention in the Our'an, which every devout Muslim regards as the revealed Word of God. Among them there is one which had been familiar to Christian literature for several centuries before the rise of Islamnamely the dog of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus who finds mention in several of the Christian versions of the legend. It was probably from a Syriac source that Muhammad came to hear of the Christian youths who fled from the persecution of the Emperor Decius, and took refuge in a cave in a mountain near the city of Ephesus. Here God caused a deep sleep to fall upon them, and they did not wake up again until 300 years had elapsed. Under the impression that they had only spent a single night in the cave, they send one of their number to bring food from the city Here he is surprised to see the Cross erected upon churches and public buildings, and, while filled with constant dread of being recognised, he meets none of the inhabitants of his native town with whom he had been familiar. The baker to whom he presents his antiquated coin suspects him of having discovered some ancient treasure, and hales him before the magistrate. To the young man's amazement, he discovers that the whole population of the city is now Christian, and they listen with incredulity to his story of flight from a heathen Emperor. But, accompanied by the Governor and the Bishop, he returns to the cave, and presents them to his companions, who, after some pious converse, which convinces the sceptical of the truth of the doctrine of immortality, fall asleep again-this time in the sleep of death, and a chapel is erected over their place of burial. The Qur'an (chapter 18) describes their dog as lying in the threshold of the cave with legs outstretched, but tells us nothing further of its fatewhether it woke up from its long sleep, as did the Christian youths, or whether it shared their honourable burial. But the belief that this fortunate animal was transported to Heaven appears quite early in Muhammadan literature, and possibly the Seven Sleepers, like the Hindu hero Rama, were unwilling to enter into the joys of Paradise unless the faithful companion of their hour of trial could share that good fortune with them.

The Qur'an gives at length the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The favour of God had subjected to King Solomon the winds which blew at his command, and the devils and jinn who dived for him into the sea, bringing up from it pearls. God had also taught him the language of the birds, and, while the jinn bore his throne through the air, the birds

flew overhead to form a canopy to keep off the burning rays of the sun. On one occasion, when Solomon was marching with his army of jinn and men and birds, he came to the Valley of the Ants, and one of them, who gives her name to the chapter (27) containing this story-presumably the Queen of the Ants, as the commentators wisely suppose-called out. "O ants, enter your dwellings lest Solomon and his army crush you and know it not." Then Solomon smiled at her and said: "Stir me up, O Lord, to be thankful for Thy favour, which Thou hast shown to me and to my parents, and to do righteousness that shall be well pleasing to Thee, and bring me in, by Thy mercy, among Thy servants, the righteous"; and in gratitude for the favours that God had bestowed upon him, he held back his army until all the ants had safely entered their dwellings. The ant accordingly finds a place in Heaven, and many Muhammadans show kindly consideration to these tiny creatures in remembrance of their honourable mention in the sacred text.

Shortly afterwards, when King Solomon was holding a review of the birds, he missed the hoopoe, and threatened it with severe punishment unless it succeeded in bringing a satisfactory explanation of its absence. The truant gained forgiveness on his return when he brought a report of the Queen of Sheba (who is known to the Muhammadan world by the name Bilqis) and her magnificent throne. Solomon is at first unwilling to give credence to this report, and sends the hoopoe back with a letter which the bird drops into the lap of Queen Bilqis. She then enters into correspondence with King Solomon, and ultimately pays him a visit, and at his invitation accepts the faith of Islam. But of the hoopoe there is no further record, and we are not told when this faithful bird was exalted to a place in Paradise. But long ere its arrival there, the ram whom Abraham had been bidden to sacrifice in the place of his son had already gained admittance.

Neither the dove of Noah nor the ass of Balaam are mentioned in the Our'an, but their noteworthy achievements have given them a place with the other animals mentioned above. How the fish of Jonah (the exact species of which is not described in the Qur'an, and the whale was certainly an unknown beast to the Arabs) accommodated itself to so mixed a company, is not explained. In the Qur'an Jonah is said to have been one of the Apostles, sent by God: "And he fled unto the laden ship, and he cast lots" (with the sailors on the ship, so that it might be decided who should be the victim to be cast into the sea), "and he was doomed, and the fish swallowed him, for he was blameworthy" (either because he grew tired of preaching to the people of Nineveh, who so obstinately rejected his warnings, or because he took it ill of God that they had been pardoned for their repentance and delivered from the judgment with which Jonah had threatened "But had he not been among those who praise Us, in its belly he would surely have remained till the Day of Resurrection. And We cast him on the bare shore—and he was sick;—and we caused

the gourd plant to grow up over him." (Chap. xxxvii, 140-146.)

In-the Qur'an mention is made not only of the prophets of the Old and of the New Testament as being among the predecessors of Muhammad, but also of two prophets of Arab stock, one sent to the tribe of Ad, and the other to the tribe of Thamud. The latter of these, named Sālih, was mocked at by his fellow tribesmen, who refused to receive his message and turn to the worship of the one God whereupon in order to testify to the truth of Sālih's mission, God caused a she-camel to come out of the side of the mountain, and the prophet declared "This she-camel of God is a sign to you: therefore let her go at large to pasture on God's earth: and touch her not, to do her harm, lest a grievous chastise ment overtake you." But the chiefs of the tribe disdaining the miracle, ham-strung the camel and dared Sālih to bring upon them the punishment with which he had threatened them. carthquake surprised them, and they were found dead on their faces in their dwellings." So the camel of Sālih goes to Heaven as a martyr for the faith.

But more exalted than either of these beasts is Burāq. Though Burāq finds no mention in the Qur'an, yet a long account of this strange beast is found in the earliest biography of the Prophet that has come down to us. According to the Muhammadan theologians, this animal had served as a riding beast for earlier prophets from Abraham to Jesus; in the case of these two their mount had been described as an ass, but when Muhammad ascended to Heaven the beast on which he rode was said to have been smaller than a mule and larger than an ass. It has been suggested that the Muhammadan theologians could not wholly ignore the earlier descriptions of the animal on which Abraham (Gen. xxii, 3) and Jesus (John xii, 14) had ridden, but that they were sensitive to possible scornful disparagement of so humble a beast as a mount for the Prophet, and so were unwilling to describe Buraq as merely an ass, though they had to admit that she was somewhat like one. The earliest biographer of the Prophet describes Buraq as a female, and in later years this is the sex commonly attributed to this composite beast, though some writers speak of Burāq as male. When pictures of the Prophet's heavenly journey began to make their appearance, Burāq was represented as having a human head, but there is no mention of such a feature in the early narratives of the Prophet's ascension to Heaven. From the fourteenth century onwards pictures of Buraq commonly occur in such Arabic and Persian manuscripts as are illustrated, especially in manuscripts of the works of poets who begin their poems with the praise of the Prophet, and emphasise this distinguished mark of God's favour to him in that during his lifetime He lifted him up to Heaven, where he was introduced into the very presence of Ged Himself-thus confirming his mission as a preacher of divine truths to men. If any animals were to be admitted to Paradise, this marvellous beast could certainly not be left out.



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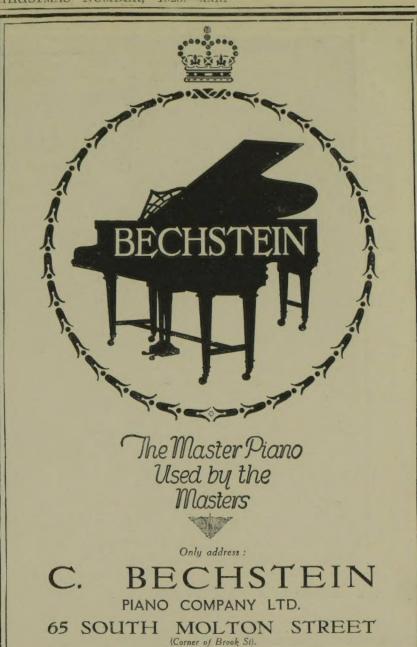
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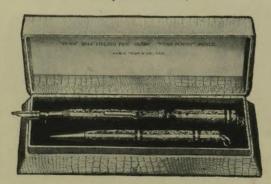
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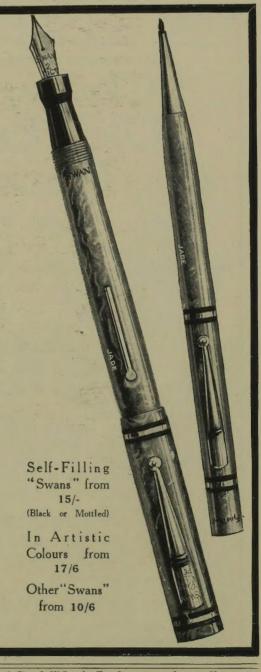
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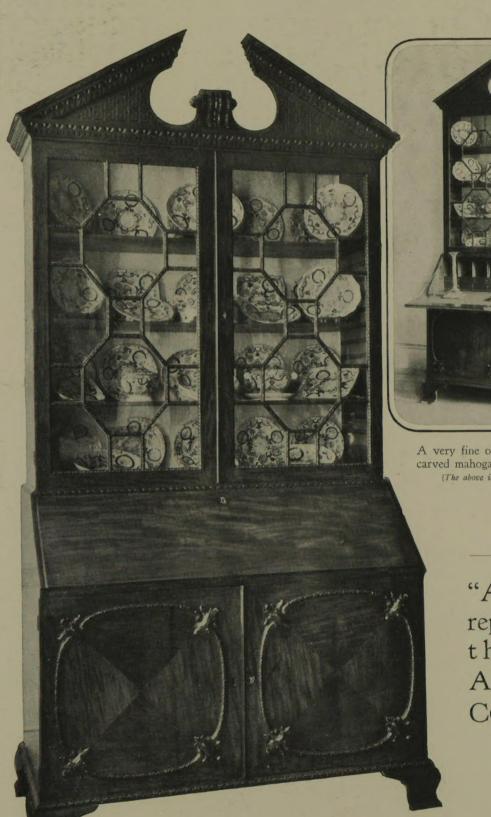
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ERASMIC Peerless

SOAP White or Violet



Perfume, 5/6, 10/-, Bath Salts, 3/-, 4/6, 6/9.
alcum Powder, 1/9
ip Stick, 9d.
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per vase, 2/6.
omplexion Powder, 6d., 2/-.
oudre Compacte,2/-

